THRILLING STORIES OF LOVE, ADVENTURE AND MYSTERY SOON TO APPEAR

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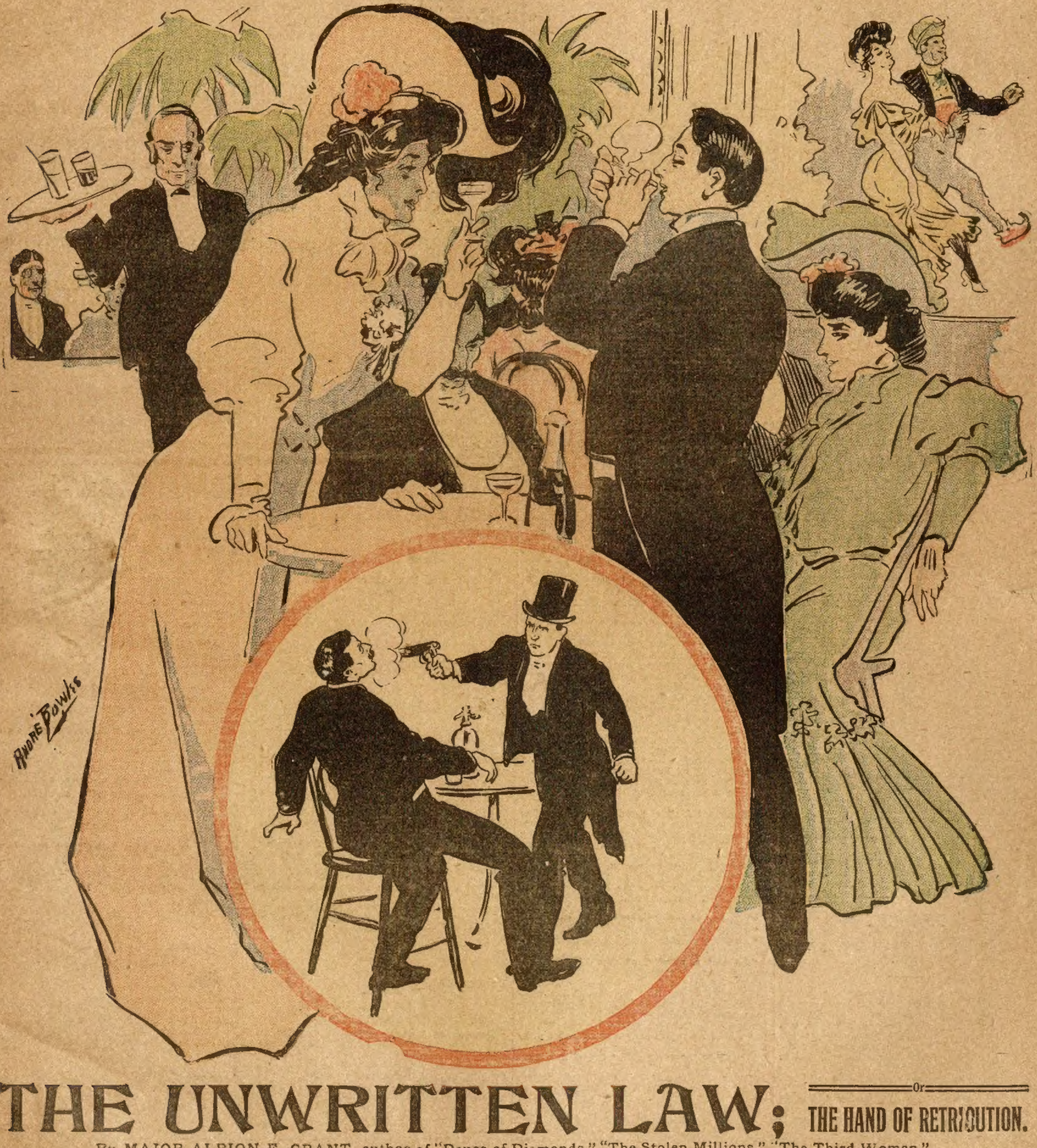

THE UNWRITTEN LAW; Or THE HAND OF RETRIBUTION.

By MAJOR ALBION F. GRANT, author of "Deuce of Diamonds," "The Stolen Millions," "The Third Woman."

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CHAPTER I.

THE SOUTHERN ORIOLE.

"By Jove! there she is again. I say, Weston, tell me who she is."

"Which lady, Kendall?"

"There is but the one in my eye just now. She's that dazzling dream over yonder by the red table."

Quincy Weston, thus appealed to, looked a moment and then turned to his companion.

"That is Miss De Marne."

"Not of the North? She doesn't look it—"

"No, we call her the Southern Oriole."

"Just as I imagined. Miss De Marne, eh?" and Kendall again turned his attention to the one who had called forth his exclamation.

His look became a stare, and suddenly his friend saw his face whiten a trifle.

"You've been all over the world, Kendall. You may have seen her before."

"I've been thinking. A face like that once seen ought to remain in one's memory."

"Yes. She came up from the South some time ago and ever since has been the rage of the season."

"Which is not surprising. I have seen many beautiful women in my travels, but never one just so dazzling as Miss De Marne."

"She'll have you at her feet next," and

the speaker smiled. "She has all the rich and swell young fellows there now. Do you care to meet her?"

"Not just now," and Kendall Gray turned to his half finished wine. "Some other time will do as well. But who is her vis a vis just now?"

"One of her conquests, you may be sure. He is Hector Knight and one of the wealthy young men of the town, has a multi-millionaire father who lets him do as he pleases and always keeps the treasury open. Of course he goes it at a rapid pace, like most of his sort, and at times one half believes that he is off a bit. But his money, like charity, covers a multitude of sins——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Gray. "I know how that goes. But the girl, Miss De Marne, isn't after him?"

"I'm afraid it looks that way. There's no accounting for a woman's taste."

"Let's be going. The air is a little stifling here. Poor ventilation which should be remedied."

The two friends rose and passed through the throngs that filled the brilliantly lighted roof garden known as The Othello. Down on the street they parted and Kendall Gray went his way alone."

"Came up from the South to dazzle in the colder Northland, eh? I shouldn't wonder. Miss De Marne? And she has netted Master Knight! Well, it's her game, not mine."

Gray was soon lost to view and in a short time he turned up in his own quarters at one of the swell hosteleries, The Imperial.

As Weston had said, he had been all over the world. He had tried the climates of every land and had frozen at the Circle to be roasted in turn at the tropics.

In the seclusion of his room he sat down and took some old letters from a suit case.

"Those eyes are what attracted me," he went on aloud. "As I told Weston, a face like hers is hard to forget. Let me see. Here they are. Ah, yes, the celebrated De Novo case at Rio. And here is a picture of the beautiful destroyer."

Gray looked long and closely at the photograph he now held in his hand. It was the face of a woman of dazzling voluptuousness, a queen of her sex, one who could twist the hearts of men around her dainty fingers and make fools of the wisest.

"The Southern Oriole!" laughed Kendall Gray. "Well, if Master Knight cares to get into the tangle of her fatal beauty, let him run the limit."

He put the photograph down and took up some newspaper clippings printed in Spanish. They were an account of a celebrated tragedy which had taken place in Rio de Janeiro, three years before. And a woman was at the bottom of the whole thing—one of those handsome adventuresses who have been the bane of society ever since the establishment of it. The world has been full of such creatures—Cleopatra, Messalina, Brinvilliers, the fair Borgias and the Cencis.

"Hang it all," said Gray to himself, "why should I tear the mask from this woman? Let her run her course. Let the moths who get into her flame get their wings singed. It's none of my business, and yet—she might rope in some good man. No, not if they have some sense. But all good men haven't got enough of it when they fall under the thrall of beauty like hers. I am a stranger here, yes, a sojourner and I don't expect to remain here long."

He replaced the documents in the suit case and locked it.

"There's a possibility that I've been fooled," he went on. "A possibility, I say. There may be a double to Helen O'Ziris. She was once on the stage, that place so fatal to so many. It all came out after the crime in South America, and she thought it best to hunt some other climate. If she's here now——"

Footsteps came toward his door and stopped there.

At the knock the young man crossed the room and threw the portal open.

A bellboy was there with a note in his hands.

"All right, front," said Gay, taking the note and at the same time extending a tip. The boy vanished.

Kendall Gray went back to the table. The room was flooded with a soft light. He broke the dainty seal of the letter and unfolded the pink sheet of note paper.

The page before him was not much larger than his hand. A penetrating perfume, which was not unpleasant, permeated the close air of the room.

In another moment Gray had read as follows:

"Mr. Kendall Gray:

"Would you do me the honor to call at No. 101 Parkmore avenue tomorrow at 7 p. m? Since I shall expect you, no reply is necessary. MRS. BURKE-DELAND."

"Now, who in the name of the saints is Mrs. Burke-Deland?" exclaimed Gray. "Never heard of the lady, but the hyphenated name seems to tell that she is a person of some importance. Well, I need a little excitement, and having nothing on hand for the hour named in the note, I'll go to the end of it."

Ten minutes later he might have been seen in the ample foyer of his hotel under the brilliant lights that filled every nook of the stylish place.

"Hello, Gray!" suddenly exclaimed a voice, and he looked into the face of his friend Weston who came forward. "I sometimes make a night of it, and having a little time on my hands, I thought I would stroll over on this side. You're not abed yet, I see?"

"No. You're just the man I want to see," responded Gray, taking his friend's arm and leading him toward a quiet corner. "I've got a puzzling letter, or I should rather say, a strange invitation."

Thereupon he drew the letter from his pocket and handed it to his companion.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" cried Weston. "You're getting right into the swim. You're in luck, old boy."

"How so?"

"Why Mrs. Burke-Deland is——"

"Who the devil is she?"

"Don't you know?"

"How should I? I've been absent from the United States almost six years."

"That's a fact," smiled Weston. "Why, 'Mrs. Hyphen,' as we sometimes call your letter writer, is none other than the leader of the '400,' just now, and the chaperone of the dazzling Miss De Marne."

Gray started as though a serpent had hissed at his feet.

"It cannot be!" he cried. "Why, I don't even know her, and here is an invitation to cross her threshold. I don't understand it."

"But you will perhaps if you go," returned Weston. "You'll get to meet the Southern Oriole——"

"But I don't want to meet her."

"What! you don't care to bask in the smiles of the talk of the town?"

"No, not if she is the woman I think she is. Do you know, Weston—no, I'll not mention it here. If I thought I would encounter Miss De Marne at Mrs. Burke-Deland's tomorrow night I would quit this town within an hour!"

CHAPTER II.

THE WAVE OF PASSION.

Shortly after Kendall Gray's departure from the Othello Gardens with his friend Weston, Miss Marice De Marne remarked to her escort, Hector Knight, that she felt faint and would go home.

Her face had changed from red to white and her breath came in little pants.

"Your wish is law to me," answered Knight, and in a few moments the couple were speeding over the city street behind the young man's chauffeur.

Hector Knight for a while studied the pale face of his companion and then said with deep sympathy in his voice:

"You are better now?"

"Yes, better," and she averted her face as she spoke. "You have beautiful pleasure gardens in your section."

"Yes, and The Othello is the best of all. It is exclusive and none but the best people have the entree there. Do you have them in the South?"

"Not yet—where I came from."

A few moments of silence followed, and then Hector Knight poured out his soul to the charmer at his side. It was the same old story of passionate love, the one as old as this world of ours, and the young man pleaded for recognition in a manner which brought back to Marice's cheeks the hue something had chased away.

"Will you not make me the happiest of mortals?" cried Knight in the fervor of his pleading. "I have never loved till I encountered you. You have been the lode star of my life since that blissful hour and I cannot think of losing you."

The fair woman put her hand to her face and for a little time grew strangely white again.

"It cannot be," she said at last. "You do not know the past of my life. We are but strangers still, and there is something which if you knew, would turn you from me with loathing."

"No, no! Turn from you, my love, with loathing? As well say that I would curse the mother who gave me life, the life to love such a beautiful and pure creature as yourself."

"You would sacrifice all for me, then?"

"All, even life itself!"

"And you would champion me against all enemies?"

"Against a myriad of them!" cried the young man, seizing her gloved hand and raising it to his lips. "You do not know the depths of my love for you. I am willing to let the years tell it, but I must possess the good heart that beats in your bosom, Marice, and prove to you that I have laid no mercenary adoration at your feet."

"Come to me some other time," said she. "It cannot be now."

"Why put me off? Why make me miserable by waiting? Is it true that you have an enemy?"

"A bitter one."

"Point out the path that leads to him; show me the man who would make you unhappy with his accursed shadow and he shall know that there is one who will come between him and his purposes."

"Nay, I dare not; you would be rash."

"I would avenge any insults he has heaped upon you!"

"There are so many to avenge," and the cheeks of the beautiful girl crimsoned again. "I dare not ask you——"

"Not even if I love you?"

"I would not sacrifice my best friend. Let me fight out this terrible battle of wrong."

"Alone? You shall not! It is for me to champion your cause and rid the earth of your traducer."

"But it would so deeply involve you if he met with his just deserts."

"Which he should," shot Knight through clenched teeth. "You will let me champion your cause?"

"If I only dared," and she turned her face away once more.

"Where is this traducer?" asked Hector Knight. "Has he polluted this city with his presence?"

"He is here."

"And you have seen him?"

"I have seen this creature. I have even breathed the same air that he breathes. I—I——"

"Then," exclaimed the young man, "then I shall hunt him up and pay him back for every insult he has heaped upon you!"

A smile of supreme satisfaction and victory came to Marice De Marne's face. It was white again, but in the depths of her great brown eyes sparkled the triumph over some foe.

"You will tell me all?" said Knight.

"All? I dare not, I cannot tell you all. I cannot go into the details of my wrongs at the hands of that man. I have suffered at his hands as woman seldom suffers. I have been in his power; I have been his slave. Would to God this moment of my confession had never come."

Hector Knight saw a shudder shake her frame and this only drew him closer and increased his purpose to win this dazzling creature, no matter what her past had been.

"I trust you implicitly," he said. "I believe you have suffered at the hands of this monster, but you came out of it all as pure as the snowflake."

She did not speak.

"No matter," he went on. "It matters not, I say. My love is not to be lightly quenched. It burns with a fire that consumes everything."

"But it were best that we become no more than friends," she said at last.

"And I am to lose you? Because you will not let me champion your cause you reject me and send me out into the world the most miserable of God's creatures? You shall not, love."

By this time the auto was almost at the stoop of Mrs. Burke-Deland's mansion and was slowing up.

"You will not let me sleep, if sleep I can, on this uncertainty?" exclaimed Hector. "You will become my wife——"

"Not now. I cannot. You would throw me aside when you learned the truth——"

"If I silence this traducer there will be nothing to tell?"

"Nothing save what I would impart."

"Then you are mine!" and Hector caught her in his arms. "You are mine, sweetheart, mine forever!"

She did not attempt to suppress the fervency of his actions, but permitted him to hold her fast in the passion of the moment.

"Now you shall have a champion of whom you need never be ashamed. You shall get rid of this villain; you shall no longer breathe the air that gives life to him."

"I thank you—Hector."

"Now you shall tell me when we shall begin our life of bliss. Now you——"

"Not tonight."

"Then when?"

"When I am no longer in the shadow of that man."

"I will find him at once. His name, love?"

"Not yet. Come to me tomorrow. I must have rest, I am all distrait. My nerves must have rest. I am not myself. I did not expect to see him tonight."

"You saw him, then?"

"Yes."

"At The Othello?"

"He was there. But enough of this now. I must sleep or I shall go mad—mad—mad——"

He released her and assisted her from the auto and up the broad steps of the house.

At the door he kissed her hand and saw her vanish.

Springing into the machine he commanded to be whirled back to the roof garden.

Among its exotic plants and cosy nooks he roamed like a madman. Up and down its walks he went, looking into every face, but not discovering any one whom he could pick out as the enemy of the woman he worshiped.

"But I will find him!" he hissed under his breath. "I will find this traducer of the woman I love and then——"

He did not complete his sentence, but strolled from the place and was whirled to his club.

The hour was not late. The scenes at The Othello had just begun and Hector Knight did not care to watch the swarm of humanity that made merry above the great city with wit and wine and song. He had a purpose now and that was the finding of the man who had embittered Marice De Marne's life.

CHAPTER III.

THE UNWRITTEN LAW.

Marice De Marne proceeded directly to the parlor and there came face to face with the mistress of the house.

Mrs. Burke-Deland was on the sunny side of fifty, one of the most eligible widows in the whole city, and the best catch in the way of money that it afforded.

She was quite alone when Marice entered and her look became one of surprise.

"Whatever is the matter, my dear?" cried she. "It is but ten, and here you are at home when I thought you were going to make a happy night of it at the gardens."

Marice threw off her robe and sank into a chair.

"Are you unwell? You look——"

"And why not?" was the interruption. "I have seen enough to drive me mad."

"Not at the gardens, dear?"

"At the gardens," and the speaker's lips came together with a snap behind the last word.

"And Hector Knight?"

"Oh, he brought me home, for I wished it. I have won him at last, but the shadow has come."

"You have won him?" echoed the rich woman. "I always told you that he was at your feet. He is the best catch in all the city. An only child and the inheritor of an estate almost incalcuable."

"Yes, yes."

"And so he has told you of his love?" Of course you did not reject it?"

"I could not when I have laid my snares for him. But you do not know whom I saw at The Othello tonight?"

"I cannot guess."

"I saw there a man who will come between us and blight my future if he is not silenced."

"And he recognized you?"

"I do not know, but he would if he had watched me closely. I cannot say whether he knew me, but he was there with a companion. And I told Hector——"

"You told him all?" broke in Mrs. Burke-Deland, almost springing from her chair. "Did you really tell him all?"

"No, not all, but enough to test him."

"You're a genius, Marice. You told him just enough to put him on tenderhooks and make him your champion against this man?"

"That is it. I did no more than that. I hope I did not tell him too much."

The older woman was silent for a moment.

"Now, who is this man whose shadow brought you back so soon?" she queried.

"It is Kendall Gray."

"You have never mentioned him in my presence."

"No, because I never thought to meet him here."

"You have met him, then?"

"He is here in the city and that is quite enough," was the reply. "Were he out of the way I could breathe free, but while he is here I am in the toils."

"The wretch!" hissed the rich lady. "Your life is not to be blasted by this man!"

"I hope not."

"It shall not be; I will see to that."

"You?"

"Why not? All men are mercenary."

"All but this one, perhaps."

"We will see. I will not ask you for particulars. You can keep your secret, Marice. Will you have a little wine? You are pale over this encounter."

Mrs. "Hyphen" rang for the butler and in a little while the hues of health came back to Marice's cheeks under the influence of some rare vintage.

"It was at Rio that I met this man," she said. "You know what happened there. I need not tell the story that forced me to take a name not my own. I will not go back and rake over the old ground. It is needless. I thought to bury that past and again become some one in the world. I have a future now and here comes this man and blights it."

"You have heard of the unwritten law, girl?"

"What is that? I thought all law was written."

"Not in this land. There is an unwritten law and almost every day its workings are seen in our courts. It is that law by which one can take vengeance in his own hands and, wiping out an insult, protect himself and escape the penalty."

"But is that justice?"

"Whether it is or not it stands today as firmly as the statutes. You have read the papers. Yes? You know that one can kill and wipe out wrong and insult and go free."

"I have heard of such cases."

"There are thousands such. Hector could avenge you——"

"He said he would."

"Then rest assured that this man will not trouble you long."

"But he may come between us before Hector can strike."

"Leave that to me. His name, you say, is Kendall Gray?"

"Yes."

"American?"

"American."

"What was his business in Rio when——"

"He was attached to the American embassy."

"Very well. You must be tired and distrait after what occurred tonight."

"I am."

"Where is this man to be found."

"I noticed his arrival in the city the other day and noted that he was quartered at The Imperial."

Mrs. Burke-Deland made a mental note of the place.

As Marice rose to go to her rooms she was checked by a wave of a jeweled hand.

"What did you tell Hector tonight?"

"I put him off a few hours, but with hope."

"What a girl you are, to be sure," laughed the other. "He will wait, for you have captured him. He is yours as surely as the sun shines in the heavens. Now a good night's sleep will refresh you and then we will have this shadow taken care of."

When Marice had quitted the room Mrs. Burke-Deland produced writing materials and penned the note which we have seen Kendall Gray receive at his hotel.

It was dispatched forthwith and the scheming mistress of the mansion congratulated herself on her acuteness.

"I cannot lose the making of this match," she exclaimed. "I have Marice under my care and this man, whoever he is, shall not come between me and my work. What if the girl was involved in a little affair in South America? She is no longer Helen O'Ziris, but Marice De Marne. And as Marice De Marne she shall become the wife of Hector Knight."

Overhead, in one of the luxurious rooms of the mansion, stood Marice De Marne with flushed cheeks and eyes that blazed like stars.

"And he has intruded his face between me and my future happiness! He has come

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"Served in this way with the addition of a cup of hot water and a little fruit it has been used at my morning meal for six months, during which time my health has much improved, nerves have grown steadier, and a gradual decrease in my excessive weight adds greatly to my comfort." Name given by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

to taunt me with the old affair and to call me at the first opportunity Helen O'Ziris, to lay bare a part of my past and to keep me from becoming the wife of Hector Knight! It shall not be so, I will take vengeance in my own hands if Hector does not. I will invoke this unwritten law Julis talks about, I will make the city talk about Marice De Marne as it has talked about no one for an age. There is blue blood in my veins, blood as good as that which flows through the veins of the man who seeks my hand, and now for this wretch to come between me and the goal of my ambition—It is too much. His own blood be on the head of this fool. I have told Hector enough, and when he knows to whom I referred we will read a new chapter of the unwritten law. Julis knows, and Julis Burke-Deland with her millions is a power in this land."

Marice watched herself in the sweeping mirror of her boudoir and flushed over her own dazzling beauty. She was lovely, and the conquest she had made of Hector Knight increased her loveliness.

But, oh, what was to come! Perhaps if she had looked beyond the present moment and seen the hand of fate that was writing out the chapters of crime, love and retribution she, beautiful and ambitious as she was, would have shrunk from her own fair reflection and, huddled beneath the fleecy coverings of her couch, shuddered till her blood ran cold.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CRIME OF THE OTHELLO.

A week passed.

It was the calm before the storm. Mrs. Burke-Deland had not seen Kendall Gray for he held aloof from her house, refusing to call on her invitation, treating her notes with "silent contempt" as she phrased it. She wondered why he did not come. Once or twice she was on the eve of seeking him out and playing the hand she had resolved to play, but each time she hesitated.

As for Hector Knight, he had made further progress with his suit. Marice had promised to become his wife, but not till the insult had been wiped out in blood or the silencing in some manner of Kendall Gray.

Knight was a nightly visitor at the various gardens of pleasure in the city. He frequented them like a man with a purpose and as though he sought some one whom he could not find. Marice had refused to lay bare to him all her past; there were chapters which she would not relate, but her lover guessed that she had been the victim of the man whom she had described, yet had not named, and this only increased his desire to wipe out the insult in blood.

Several times he had intended to ask her for the whole past, telling her that, no matter how dark it was, it would not influence his feelings toward her, but each time he drew back from the task.

Gray was now sure of his woman. He did not doubt that Marice De Marne was the Helen O'Ziris of the Southern continent.

The photograph confirmed this, and he had but to look into her eyes, which he had seen under other circumstances, to tell him that he was not wrong. Yet he had no idea of disturbing this woman. If she cared to live down her past in another sphere he would not intrude, though the secret was his and at any time he could have thrown society into an uproar and brought the flush of shame to the girl's cheeks.

Weston, seeing that Gray knew something about the reigning beauty, did not press him too far. He saw that his friend wanted to keep what he knew and that perhaps it were best that he should not know about Marice's past.

Mrs. Burke-Deland was the only person outside of Marice and Hector Knight who knew of the engagement. It was deemed best to keep it a secret awhile longer and then they would let society know the truth.

"I am going back tomorrow," said Gray to Weston one night, as they sat in the cosy reading room of the former's hotel.

"Going back to Kitty, are you?"

"Yes—to Kitty," was the response.

"You've not grown tired of the city already?"

"No, but this is no place for me. I tire of it. There is not much real life in Rio, but I have my desk there and, above all, there is Kitty, as you say."

"And you haven't met Miss De Marne yet?"

At this Gray started a little, but the next moment he laughed.

"I don't care to render Kitty jealous," said he. "Besides, as I have told you, Weston, I have no desire to see Miss De Marne now since I have seen her under other circumstances."

That was as far as he would ever go.

"You were fearful then of calling on Mrs. 'Hyphen?' "

"For the one reason, yes."

"I see. You are going to take your little secret back with you. Well, I would like to know, of course, but not at the expense of a woman's past."

"She has one, Weston," and then Gray shut up like a clam.

Half an hour later the friends had separated and Kendall Gray betook himself to the Othello Gardens.

It was an impulse of fate that drew him thitherward. It was not the garish lights of the place nor its high-priced wines, nor its bevies of wealthy beauties; Gray cared not a straw for these.

As he was going away on the morrow, perchance he hoped to get one more look at Marice De Marne.

Would she be there? Would she cross his path again, bringing back the tragedy of the Brazilian city, and would she notice that he looked upon her as one with a past not as clean as the snow?

The garden was at its full beauty as Gray strolled into the main part and took a seat at one of the round tables. There was laughter and wine-bibbing all around him, the constant popping of corks and now and then the breaking of a bottle.

Gray cared for none of these. His thoughts were on a girl in the far away land of the mighty Amazon. In a little while he would see her and answer her thousand-and-one questions about the old country.

He did not see Marice De Marne enter the place on the arm of Hector Knight.

If he had turned his head he would have caught sight of the couple who had taken seats not far from him.

There was the flush of triumph on Marice's cheeks. She looked fairer than ever beneath the myriad lights of the famous place, and now and then stole a proud look at her escort and fiance.

All at once the Southern Oriole started with a sharp little cry which drove every vestige of color from her face.

Knight turned to her in a flash.

She was white to her lips and her breath came in agonized pants.

"What is it, dear love?" he asked. "Are you ill again? Shall we go?"

"No, not ill, Hector," and then he followed the direction of her stareful eyes.

"You see some one? Is he here?"

Her jeweled hand came slightly above the table.

"He is here, the wretch!" she said in low tones.

"Point him out!"

"Then man at the third table on the left of the aisle. His back is partly turned toward us."

Hector Knight pushed back his chair. There leaped into his eyes the sudden blood-seeking propensity of the tiger. His whole frame quivered. Marice said nothing but watched him with bloodless lips.

"You are sure 'tis he?" he said with a glance at her.

"I am sure. There is but one Kendall Gray in this world and he is yonder."

Kendall Gray! It was the first time she had ever spoken the name in Hector's presence.

It went through him like the arrow of a savage.

In another moment he covered one-half the distance between him and the man at the table.

And Marice De Marne had not stirred. Only she had said to herself:

"I trust Hector will come out of it safely."

Not half a dozen persons saw the young millionaire as he darted at his prey.

When they did see him three shots had rung through the pleasure house and Kendall Gray had fallen across the table with his face shattered and bloody.

There was an uproar in a second. Men rose and rushed hither and thither, women screamed and drew back white-faced and the whole place was a pandemonium.

Marice De Marne, startled by the shots, rose to her feet and looked, not at the man lying across the table, but at the one who advanced toward her with the smoking weapon in his hand.

It was ended at last and her past would never stand revealed by Kendall Gray!

Hector Knight reached her side and there was a look of wild triumph in his eyes.

Just then officers of the law were closing in on him and he faced them with a smile as he cast the revolver upon the table.

"I did it to revenge the insults to my affianced wife," he exclaimed dramatically. "I am ready to take the consequences. I stand on the unwritten law of the land. I have saved this woman from the tongue of yon viper," and he threw his arm around Marice and drew her toward him as the hand of a policeman gripped his wrist.

They removed the body of Kendall Gray from the place and Hector Knight, after giving directions that Marice should be taken home in his auto, went with the officers of justice.

The following day Quincy Weston picked up a paper, damp yet from the press, and read these flaming headlines:

"THE UNWRITTEN LAW!
A Traducer of Lovely Woman Meets His
Fate!—The Way of the Transgressor is Hard."

With compressed lips Weston read the account of the tragedy at The Othello and then threw the paper down with an oath.

"Kendall Gray a traducer of women?" he exclaimed. "It is false! It is a malicious lie! This murderer will take refuge behind the so-called unwritten law. But the hand of retribution shall overtake all who have a hand in this crime of the age!"

And then he thought of Kitty in Rio de Janeiro.

(Continued next week.)

BARRELS OF AIR BURNED AS FUEL

New, Remarkable Stove—Ohioan's Great Invention—Consumes 395 Barrels of Air to One Gallon of common Kerosene Oil, making Oil-gas—the New Fuel that looks and burns like gas!

Wood, Coal and Oil all cost money. **ONLY FREE FUEL IS AIR!** Unlimited supply—no trust in control. Air belongs to rich and poor alike. We can't burn air alone, but see here! **Our wonderful stove burns air and gas—principally air. Takes its fuel almost entirely from the atmosphere.**

A miniature gas works—PENNY FUEL FOR EVERY FAMILY—save 1-3 to 1-2 on cost—save dirt and drudgery—no more coal or wood to carry—ashes unknown—absolute safety.

SEE HOW SIMPLE! TURN A KNOB—TOUCH A MATCH—FIRE IS ON. TURN AGAIN—FIRE IS OFF! THAT'S ALL.

Astonishing but true—time-tested—proven facts—circulars give startling details—overwhelming evidence.

NO SUCH STOVE SOLD IN STORES—UNLIKE ANYTHING YOU'VE SEEN OR HEARD OF.

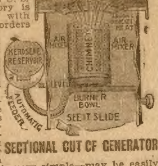
A genius of Cincinnati has invented a new, scientific oil-gas generator that is proving a blessing to women folks, enabling them to cook with gas—relieving them of drudgery. Makes cooking and housework a delight and at the same time often saves 1-3 to 1-2 in cost of fuel.

How often have many of our lady readers remarked that they would give anything to get rid of the drudgery of using the dirty coal and wood stoves—also the smoky oil wick stoves and their gasoline stoves which are so dangerous and liable to cause explosions or fire at any time.

Well, that day has arrived and a fine substitute has been discovered and every family can now have gas fuel for cooking, baking and heating and not have their kitchens a hot, fiery furnace in summer, and be carrying coal and ashes—ruining their looks and health.

THOUSANDS A WEEK.

Upon calling at the factory we found that this invention has caused a remarkable excitement all over the U. S.—that the factory is already rushed with thousands of orders and evidently the Company's representatives and agents are making big profits as they offer splendid inducements.



SECTIONAL CUT OF GENERATOR

As will be noticed from the engraving, this OIL-GAS GENERATOR is entirely different from any other stove—although its construction is very simple—may be easily and safely operated and is built on the latest scientific principles, having no valves, which is a marked improvement, as all valves are liable to leak, carbonize, clog up or overflow.

By simply moving a knob the oil is automatically fed to a small, steel burner bowl or retort where it is instantly changed into gas, which is drawn upwards between two red hot perforated steel chimneys, thoroughly mixed with air and consumed, giving a bright blue flame—hottest gas fire, similar in color and heating power to natural gas.

This invention has been fully protected in the U. S. Patent Office and is known as the HARRISON VALVELESS, WICKLESS, AUTOMATIC OIL-GAS GENERATOR—the only one yet discovered that consumes the carbon and by-products of the soil.

The extremely small amount of Kerosene Oil that is needed to produce so large a volume of gas make it one of the most economical fuels on earth and the reason for the great success of this generator is based on the well known fact of the enormous expansiveness of oil-gas when mixed with oxygen or common air.

Oil-gas is proving so cheap that 15c to 30c a week should furnish fuel gas for cooking for a small family.

Kerosene oil from which oil-gas is made may be purchased in every grocery—is cheap and a gallon of it will furnish a hot, blue flame gas fire in the burner for about 18 hours and as a stove is only used 3 or 4 hours a day in most families for cooking, the expense of operating would be but little.

In addition to its cheapness is added the comfort, cleanliness—absence of soot, coal, dirt, ashes, etc.

What a pleasure to just turn on the oil—light the gas—a hot fire ready to cook. When through, turn it off. Just think; a little kerosene oil—one match—light—a beautiful blue gas flame—hottest fire—always ready—quick meals—a gas stove in your home.

It generates the gas only as needed—is not complicated, but simple—easily operated and another feature is its PERFECT SAFETY.

NOT DANGEROUS LIKE GASOLINE

And liable to explode and cause fire at any moment. This stove is so safe that you could **drop a match in the oil tank and it would go out.**

This Oil-Gas Stove does any kind of cooking that a coal or gas range will do—invaluable for the kitchen, laundry—summer cottage—washing—ironing—camping, etc. Splendid for canning fruit—with a portable oven placed over the burner splendid baking can be done.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT FEATURE

Is the invention of a small Radiator Attachment which if placed over the burner makes a desirable heating stove during the fall and winter so that the old cook stove may be done away with entirely.

While at the factory in Cincinnati the writer was shown thousands of letters from customers who were using this wonderful oil-gas stove, showing that it is not an experiment but a positive success and giving splendid satisfaction and as a few extracts may be interesting to our readers we produce them:

L. S. Norris, of Vt., writes: "The Harrison Oil-Gas Generators are wonderful savers of fuel—at least 50% to 75% over wood and coal."

Mr. H. Howe, of N. Y., writes: "I find the Harrison is the first and only perfect oil-gas stove I have ever seen—so simple anyone can safely use it. It is what I have wanted for years. Certainly, a blessing to human kind."

Mr. E. D. Arnold, of Nebr., writes: "**That he saved $4.25 a month for fuel** by using the Harrison Oil-Gas Stove. That his gas range cost him $5.50 per month and the Harrison only $1.25 per month.

J. A. Shafer, of Pa., writes: "The Harrison Oil-Gas Stove makes an intense heat from a small quantity of oil—entirely free from smoke or smell—great improvement over any other oil stove. Has a perfect arrangement for combustion—can scarcely be distinguished from a natural gas fire."

Mr. H. B. Thompson, of Ohio, writes: "I congratulate you on such a grand invention to aid the poor in this time of high fuel. The mechanism is so simple—easily operated—no danger. The color of the gas flame is beautiful dark blue, and so hot seems almost double as powerful as gasoline."

Mrs. J. L. Hamilton, writes: "Am delighted—Oil-Gas Stoves so much nicer and cheaper than others—no wood, coal, ashes, smoke, no pipe, no wick, cannot explode."

Hon. Ira Ebie, J. P., of Wis., writes: "Well pleased with the Harrison—far ahead of gasoline. No smoke or dirt—no trouble. Is perfectly safe—no danger of explosion like gasoline.

Chas. L. Bendeke, of N. Y., writes: "It is a pleasure to be the owner of your wonderful Oil-Gas Stove—no coal yard, plumbing—ashes or dust. One match lights the stove and in 10 minutes breakfast is ready. No danger from an explosion—no smoke—no dirt—simply turn it off and expense ceases. For cheapness it has no equal."

ALL SIZES.

Agents are doing fine—Making big money.

WONDERFUL QUICK SELLER.

Geo. Robertson, of Maine, writes: "Am delighted with Oil-Gas, so are my friends—took 12 orders in 8 days."

A. B. Slimp, of Texas, writes: "I want the agency—In a day and a half took over a dozen orders."

Edward Wilson, of Mo., writes: "The Harrison very satisfactory—Sold 5 stoves first day I had mine."

J. H. Haiman, of Tenn., writes: "Already have 70 orders."

This is certainly a good chance for our readers to make money this summer.

Hundreds of other prominent people highly endorse and recommend oil-gas fuel and there certainly seems to be no doubt that it is a wonderful improvement over other stoves.

The writer personally saw these Oil-Gas Stoves in operation—in fact, uses one in his own home—is delighted with its working and after a thorough investigation can say to our readers that this Harrison Oil-Gas Stove made by the Cincinnati firm is the only perfect burner of its kind.

It is made in three sizes 1, 2 or 3 generators to a stove. They are made of steel throughout thoroughly tested before shipping—sent out complete—ready for use as soon as received—nicely finished with nickel trimmings and as there seems to be nothing about it to wear out, they should last for years. They seem to satisfy and delight every user and the makers fully guarantee them.

THE WORLD MFG.CO.
CINTI. O.

HOW TO GET ONE.

All our lady readers who want to enjoy the pleasures of a gas stove—the cheapest, cleanest and safest fuel—save 1-3 to 1-2 on fuel bills and do their cooking, baking, ironing and canning fruit at small expense should have one of these remarkable stoves.

Space prevents a more detailed description, but these oil-gas stoves will bear out the most exacting demand for durability and satisfactory properties.

If you will write to the only makers, **The World Mfg. Co., 6552 World Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio,** and ask for their illustrated pamphlet describing this invention and also letters from hundreds of delighted users you will receive much valuable information.

The price of these Stoves is remarkably low, only $3.25 up. And it is indeed, difficult to imagine where that amount of money could be invested in anything else that would bring such saving in fuel bills, so much good health and satisfaction to our wives.

DON'T FAIL TO WRITE TODAY

For full information regarding this splendid invention.

The World Mfg. Co., is composed of prominent business men of Cincinnati, are perfectly responsible and reliable, capital $100,000.00 and will do just as they agree. The stoves are just as represented and fully warranted.

Don't fail to write for Catalogue.

$40.00 WEEKLY AND EXPENSES.

The firm offers splendid inducements to agents and an energetic man or woman having spare time can get a good position, paying big wages by writing them at once and mentioning this paper.

A wonderful wave of excitement has swept over the country, for where shown these Oil-Gas Stoves have caused great excitement. Oil-Gas fuel is so economical and delightful that the sales of these Stoves last month were enormous and the factory is rushed with thousands of orders.

Many of our readers have spare time, or are out of employment and others are not making a great deal of money, and we advise them to write to the firm and secure an agency for this invention. Exhibit this stove before 8 or 10 people and you excite their curiosity and should be able to sell 5 or 8 and make $10.00 to $15.00 a day. Why should people live in penury or suffer hardships for the want of plenty of money when an opportunity of this sort is open?

DUPES OF DESTINY.

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK.

Author of "A Round Trip to the Year 2000" "Adrift in the Unknown," "Marooned in 1492." "A Gift from Mars," "The Eighth Wonder" etc

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CHAPTER VII.

STRANGE EXPERIENCES—(Continued.)

As a disciple of Chance, risks were my stock in trade. I took them, not alone at the gambling table, but wherever and whenever the affairs of life clouded the future with uncertainty.

This comprehensive statement will admit of one single exception: I have never, since I can remember, taken a risk in dealing with truth. Veracity, however, I was wont to argue, is capable of countless interpretations; obviously so since it is subordinate to the active fortuitous principle that rules destiny.

There will be certain details of a given fact which no two men will regard in exactly the same way. This is by no fault of the fact itself, but is born of the human minds which seek to interpret it. "To err is human." Nothing proves the old axiom so well as an account of actual experience received from several sources.

Looking back through a lapse of months, I am prone to believe that it was this point, adroitly presented and hammered home, that led the judges to award me the medal already mentioned.

The events I am here recording, extravagant though they may appear, are set down deliberately and with proper deference to the standard that has always swayed me. I trust, therefore, that the reader who favors me by following this chronicle, will still further favor me by keeping the foregoing fact continually in mind.

It will be remembered, then, that the roc was flying away with me. My friends had vanished in the hazy distance, and I had abandoned myself to a run of phenomenal ill-luck.

The huge bird was winging along at a tremendous pace, the bare hills rolling away from under us with a swiftness that defied anything more than a general observation. I had longed to clasp the hands of my companions in distress, and disappointment was coupled with a wild regret on the score of food and drink out of which I had been cheated.

For the rest of it, I felt no appreciable discomfort. The stout Alpine costume in which I had clothed myself on leaving Chamounix held firmly under the roc's gripping talons. I was wounded by the sharp claws, but not seriously enough to claim much of my attention.

As soon as I had assured myself of temporary safety, I began to speculate concerning the final outcome of the queer adventure. Did the bird consider me its prey, and was I being borne to some eyrie as a meal for a nest of young rocs?

Whatever the bird's intentions, they were not to be carried out unhindered. A thunderous sound like the flapping of many wings drew my gaze to rearward. A whole flock of white birds of burden was driving after us, each carrying a man in yellow.

Gradually the mass of white resolved itself into the serried ranks of a military formation, led by a solitary roc even larger than the rest. This bird was decorated with streamers of red and black, no doubt to designate it as bearer of the officer in command.

The situation was quite clear. The first man in yellow, who had chased the barred roc in an attempt to secure the knapsack and had fled from the scene at sight of me, had come with a force sufficient for my capture.

From what I had already seen of the relative speed developed by the white and the barred birds, it was not difficult to forecast the result of the chase. My bird was already beginning to show some symptoms of distress, and its shrill, siren-like pipings rent the air deafeningly.

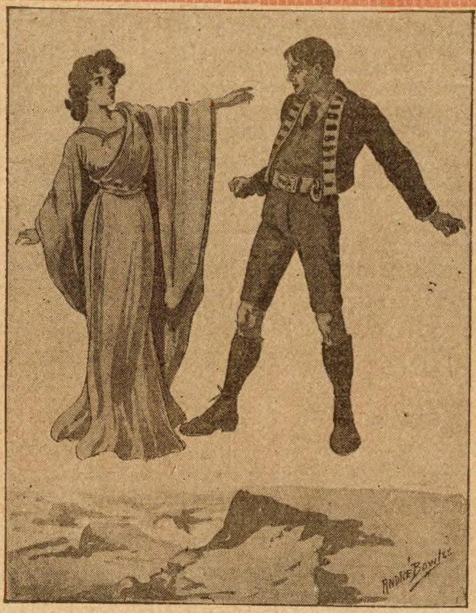
Would the winged creature attempt to lighten ship by dropping me? We were quite a distance up in the air, and the very thought send a cold chill along my nerves.

Gripped at the shoulders, I was swinging like a pendulum under the great feathered form, my face to the rear, so that I was able to keep vigilant watch of the pursuing force.

Each of the yellow men carried a golden ball about the size of a large apple. I could not see that they were possessed of any other weapons, if, indeed, the golden balls could be so classed.

They were gaining on the barred roc with frightful rapidity. Suddenly, one of their number launched his yellow sphere. It sailed past within a foot of me, described a parabola and fell earthward.

Feeling through my pockets for something with which to return the compliment, my groping fingers encountered my silver match-case. This small object I hurled, putting so much force into the throw that I was all but torn from the claws of the bird.



"Am I dreaming?" I murmured.

I had small hope that the missile would prove effective. Judge of my surprise, therefore, when I saw it leap across the intervening space and strike a ball held by a man in the very center of the pursuers.

The ball popped into fragments like an electric light bulb, and yells of fear and consternation went up from the warriors. Demoralization was instantaneous and complete.

Military alignment was lost, the white birds being stampeded in every direction—to the four quarters of the compass and upward and downward. There was a perfect inferno of shouts, shrieks and clashing wings.

Collisions innumerable occurred, the popping of the golden balls sounding through the hubbub like so many exploding cannon crackers. Coincident with the breaking of the balls the pandemonium intensified.

I was utterly at a loss to understand the cause of the havoc. The confusion among the pursuers, of course, gave the barred roc a chance, and it was kiting away with every ounce of power it could muster.

I hardly knew whether to congratulate or to commiserate myself upon this turn of affairs. Was my situation any less desperate than it would have been if my bird had been run down and I had been captured by the yellow men?

Presently I became aware that the captain of the pursuers had disentangled himself from the melee, the monster roc he bestrode plunging in zigzag lines, mainly along the course through which I was being borne. It was only with the greatest difficulty that the captain kept his seat.

He had retained his own golden sphere intact, as I observed; I also observed that he was making frantic attempts to get in position for a throw at me.

In due course he succeeded, but the effort cast him into the air, and I lost sight of him as he shot downward. Another moment I became sensible of the fact that his missile had struck my shoulder.

The blow was barely felt, yet the yellow sphere dissolved into minute fragments. I could not discover that it inclosed anything of a deadly nature, although, at the precise moment the ball struck and burst, the barred roc went into a tantrum similar to that which had afflicted the white birds.

With a scream of dismay that was well nigh human, the roc unhooked its talons and I plunged downward. A few seconds, and I struck something that yielded like a net to the impact of my body. After rebounding, I came to a halt, upright and uninjured.

As if by magic the air had cleared of birds and men, and silence was reigning all about me. Flinging myself downward at full length, I reclined and rested.

Physical exertion had tired my body even as the struggle to comprehend the incomprehensible had wearied my brain. Had Savoy a Brocken similar to that which had claimed the luckless Faust and the designing Mephistopheles? Had I been spared from the bergschrund merely to shoot into a bewitched country adjacent to the icy slopes of Mont Blanc?

How else was I to account for these incredible experiences? Unless—and my blood congealed at the thought—unless I had gone daft and was only imagining what had occurred.

Startled out of my rest, I sat up. And then the elbow of Chance again nudged my credulity, for I was in a state of suspension, with space below me, as well as above, and on either hand.

In front, perhaps a hundred feet from where I was sitting, was the brink of a cliff. This side of the brink, floating stationary in the air, was a square board. I investigated it, walking through the air which appeared to offer as secure a footing as the firm ground could have done.

Upon closer examination, I discovered that what I had at first supposed to be a board was in reality a thin slab of metal, on which the following remarkable words were engraved:

"This sign marks the outermost limits of the Sphere of Gravitation; from this boundary stretches the source of that marvelous power whose manifestations are known as the Law of Gravitation, the mightiest wonder of our earthly planet."

"I rubbed my eyes and read the sign again and again. The statement was in English, so I could not dodge its meaning with the plea that I was not apt in foreign phraseology. While I stood, studying the sign and bombarding myself with unanswerable questions, a voice came from behind me:

"You are English? Perhaps an American?"

I whirled about in my tracks. The crowning mystery of my recent experiences confronted me and I recoiled stunned with the very intensity of my bewilderment.

There, poised in space like Kellar's Floating Lady, stood a beautiful young woman, clad in a diaphanous gown that looked like cloth-of-gold.

"Am I dreaming?" I murmured huskily; "is this a vision or the reality? Tell me, madame," I implored, "are you of the flesh or do I behold you in the spirit?"

She laughed and extended her hand. I took the hand hesitatingly, only to find that it was entirely material. As my composure returned I drew a long breath of relief.

"Did you also," I inquired, "arrive by way of the bergschrund?"

CHAPTER VIII.

AN AIR-CASTLE.

"Bergschrund?" she echoed, giving me a blank look. "I don't understand you."

"It may be that I am on the wrong track, anyhow," I returned. "Will you tell me, please, how far I am from Mont Blanc?"

"You are about four thousand miles from every point on the earth's surface. Didn't you know that?"

"I suppose I should have known it, but it is a difficult matter to comprehend."

"How long have you been here? I do not wish to seem impertinent, Mr.——"

"Nickerson, Anthony Nickerson. I do not think you at all impertinent, Miss——"

"Markham is my name," said she, "Florence Markham. Castaways," she added, "especially when they happen to be from the same country, may be excused if they are not—conventional."

"My idea exactly, Miss Markham."

"You are really an American?"

"As really and truly an American as a man can be who hails from Chicago."

"I'm so glad!" she murmured. "It's a lonesome country they have down here, Mr. Nickerson; particularly so for one who has been used to the Outer World. You came here from Mont Blanc?"

"Yes—through a bergschrund."

"We arrived by way of Peru and the Andes."

"We?" she repeated. "Then you did not come alone?"

"I don't know what would have become of me if I had descended into this awful place alone," she answered, with a shudder. "My uncle, Professor Philip Markham, of Morningside University, came with me."

"Professor Markham!" I exclaimed.

The name was familiar to me through the daily papers. However, the tragic incident with which the name was identified in my mind had happened some six months previously and was but dimly recalled by the girl's words.

"You have heard of my uncle?" Miss Markham asked.

"I am very sure I have," I answered. "If I remember rightly, he was dragged into a gorge by a breaking rope."

"And I was dragged with him," she went on. "We were hunting orchids—it is a hobby of my uncle's—when the accident overtook us. Uncle was after one, a gorgeous disa grandiflora, which is supposed to grow nowhere else save on Table Mountain, in South Africa—but certainly we discovered it there, on that remote peak of the Andes. It is supposed to be——"

The girl paused. Noting my expectant manner, she finished:

"If any one tells you more about the disa grandiflora it must be Uncle Philip."

"Where is your uncle?"

"Not a great way from here. If you will come with me, Mr. Nickerson, I shall be glad to take you to the castle. We must hurry, for the light may leave us at any moment."

"I wonder that you have any light at all down here," I observed.

"Like nearly everything else in the Inner World, there is nothing regular about it. The light may be with us for hours, or it may be snuffed out in an instant."

She had started, not toward the brink of the cliff as I had imagined she would go, but directly away from it. I hesitated, for such a stepping off into space filled me with uneasiness.

"Have no fears, Mr. Nickerson," said she, turning in my direction with an encouraging smile. "Here, in the midst of the energy that furnishes the planet with gravitation, attraction from all sides is equal. We move to any point by force of will and our own efforts; to fall is impossible."

I stepped gingerly after her, gained her side and we went onward together. There was absolutely no drain on the strength from the exertions I put forth. We were treading a carpet infinitely softer than the finest down, a carpet that yielded springily under our feet and seemed to impel us in the direction we were pursuing.

Shortly we changed our course and

KODAK BOX OUTFIT No. 2. $4.00

You can take good pictures with a Kodak or Brownie Camera.

Photography is simple now; no dark-room is needed and there is as great pleasure in taking and making pictures as in presenting them to your friends or preserving them in your collection.

The Kodak Box Outfit No. 2 contains everything for picture making the Kodak way. No. 2 Brownie Camera, Brownie Developing Box, Film, Paper, Trays, Chemicals, Mounts. No Dark-Room for any part of the work, and so simple that you can get good pictures from the start.

The New Kodak Catalogue, free at the dealers or by mail, tells all about the goods and explains how the dark-room has been done away with. If you use a film camera there is no trouble about getting all of your supplies by mail at slight cost.

Photography is inexpensive now-a-days; it is interesting and educational *if you start right.* We will be glad to furnish you with printed matter or take up the question of your wants by correspondence.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., 367 State Street, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

mounted upward, but still without any appreciable effort. I was burning with a desire to learn the why and wherefore of many things, but she checked my curiosity with the statement that her uncle, whom I was presently to meet, would explain everything that puzzled me.

In due course we came within sight of the "castle." It was a very large building, constructed of a grayish metal and pierced with many windows and doors.

Undoubtedly it was stationary, but poised in mid-air as it was, it seemed be floating. Curtains served to close the door-openings. Brushing one of these curtains aside, Miss Markham bade me enter.

The room was a very large one, and had a floor of the same grayish metal that composed the castle walls. The moment my feet touched the floor I experienced a measure of relief. I had footing with which I was familiar and, hence, deluded myself with a sense of greater security.

The chairs, tables and couches, strewn about the room, were metal blocks. Such furniture, as Miss Markham assured me, was entirely unnecessary, for the air itself would support a form in any position; but she and her uncle were accustomed to such things and so had secured them.

"My uncle is probably in his study," said my companion. "If you will be seated, Mr. Nickerson, I will find him and bring him here."

I reclined on one of the blocks, but so lightly that, if its hard surface had been covered with cushions, I could not have rested more comfortably.

Miss Markham started for a draped opening leading into another apartment; before she gained it, however, a tremulous cry was echoed from a distant chamber:

"Eureka! eureka!"

The cry grew in volume and presently the curtain was thrust aside and a little bald-headed man in a disarranged tunic rushed in on us. His spectacles were askew on his thin, pointed nose, a tinge of red burned in his pale cheeks and his eyes were fairly snapping with excitement.

"Uncle!" cried Miss Markham.

"Eureka! eureka!" cackled the little man, tearing around the room and flourishing his arms.

"Uncle Philip!" exclaimed the girl.

"I have found it!" exulted the professor. "At last after six months of unremitting toil, I have discovered the panacea! Had I a million hecatombs I would sacrifice them all!"

He collapsed on a metal block, within a few feet of me, gazing into vacancy and mumbling to himself.

His niece went to him, stooped down and whispered.

"Eh! What?" said the professor, looking blankly into the girl's face after a few minutes. "Is that you, Florence? Congratulate me, my dear! I have discovered an antidote for the lupozinns, a panacea that will bring order out of chaos and cure all the ills that flesh is heir to. The Inner World will be transformed, and——"

The girl continued to whisper, at the same time bringing something like order out of the chaos of her uncle's appearance. While she talked, she smoothed out his yellow robe, readjusted his spectacles, brushed a stray smudge from his face and patted down his fringe of white hair.

By degrees the old gentleman come to a realizing sense of the presence of a third person.

"I beg your pardon," said he, getting up and stepping toward me with outstretched hand.

"My uncle, Mr. Nickerson," said Miss Markham.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PROFESSOR EXPOUNDS.

I found the professor a fine old chap; full of crotchets, of course, like most scientific men, but more than delighted to welcome a recent arrival from the Outside. And he was especially pleased to learn that I was an American.

He magnanimously ignored, for the time, the discovery just made and which so transported him. Miss Markham, divining my wants, placed a meal on one of the tables; while she was thus engaged, I told of the series of chance happenings that had landed myself and my two companions in that part of the planet.

"I should like to find Eames and Hapgood," said I, when my recital was finished.

"Of course, of course," returned the professor. Then his eyes brightened as he added, "By means of the discovery I have just made, Mr. Nickerson, you will be able to go forth and look for them without danger to yourself."

We drew around the table, a little party of three, bound together by ties of citizenship in the greatest republic our progressive age had evolved.

"Who was that mysterious man in black, Uncle Philip?" inquired Miss Markham, who had succeeded in giving some attention to my story while making ready the repast.

"I have my own notion on that score, my dear," replied the professor, with a troubled look, "but dislike to put the idea in plain terms until more certain of my ground. Do you know anything about orchids, Mr. Nickerson?"

"Nothing at all," I answered.

The professor looked disappointed.

"You may have heard," said he, "that they are the most freakish plants that grow, no less than the most beautiful and most highly prized. They are many years—sometimes as many as twenty-five—in coming into blossom. My niece and I, at the time we met with that mishap on the Andean peak, had located, and were seeking to gain, a most rare specimen of the disa grandiflora, or 'Flower of the Gods.' This species has hitherto been supposed to grow only in one spot in South Africa, but chance, which plays such an important part in the growth and development of the plant, had landed many specimens in that remote place in the Andes."

The meal of which we were partaking consisted of but two dishes, with aqua pura for a beverage. One dish was of meat; the other resembled mashed potatoes.

"Help Mr. Nickerson to more of the glimgazzet, my dear," said the professor, in the interval that followed his last remark.

"Glimgazzet?" I queried, filling my tin plate liberally from the dish of meat.

"The glimgazzet," explained the professor, "is a great bird entirely unique in this part of the planet. When domesticated it is put to many uses; in its wild state it is hunted for food, and forms the piece de resistance of every table of the Inner World. That other dish is called plang and is composed of a vegetable powder gathered from rocky crevices of the hills."

I flanked my second portion of glimgazzet with more of the plang, and must have astonished my good friends with my voracity. At about this time a pall of pitchy darkness fell over the room. The sudden change from day to night brought a startled exclamation from my lips.

"It is nothing, Mr. Nickerson," said the professor quietly. "Like everything else in this country, the light is uncertain. Uncover the radium, my dear," he added to his niece.

I could hear Miss Markham moving about the room. A moment later the apartment was illumined fully as brightly as it had been before.

"I had touched upon the subject of the 'Flower of the Gods,' " went on the professor calmly. "My niece and I found that the natives, in that part of the Andes where we were orchid-hunting, regarded the plant with fear and awe, asserting that to have it in our possession, or even to search for it, would bring disaster. We laughed at their superstitious notion, but I had no sooner laid hands on the plant than the rope, by which I had been suspended from the rim of the gorge, parted mysteriously. I was instantly hurled into the bottomless depths, and Florence, who had clutched at the hempen strands, was drawn after me."

"It looks," I commented, "as though the natives had some reason to regard the orchid as unlucky."

"Perhaps," was the professor's reply, "but I believe that the rope was lupozinned at a critical moment."

"Beg pardon?" I returned.

"You have not been here long, Mr. Nickerson," continued Professor Markham, "and so are uninformed. Going back to your own experience, you had trouble in securing your knapsack, and when you did secure it you found it empty. Sir, that knapsack was lupozinned.

"To proceed still further, when you were pursued by the yellow-robed men on the white glimgazzets, you hurled a match-case into the thick of your pursuers, bursting one of the golden balls and lupozinning your enemies; then, in turn, you were yourself lupozinned and fell from the claws of the glimgazzet."

The professor's frequent use of the terms "lupozinned" and "lupozinning" did not add much to the clearness of his remarks. I learned that there was a cause for my misfortunes, but the nature of the cause was dark.

"Explain the lupozinns, uncle," suggested Miss Markkham, noticing my perplexity.

"Ah, yes," murmured the professor; "I am so full of the subject that I take too much for granted. The lupozinns Mr. Nickerson, are microscopical demons of mischance, originating here in the bowels of the planet, when our solar system was in the formative stage. They are bacilli, invisible even in masses to the unaided eye.

"Nothing and no one is exempt from the malign influence of the lupozinns. Not only are they absorbed into the bodies of things containing the life principle, both plant and animal, but into every form of matter as well. If their interference with earthly affairs stopped here the evil would be bad enough, but it does not. These pestilential bacilli are able to impregnate the physical laws which govern the globe. Had it not been for them, Laplace would have had no opportunity to delve into the abstruse subject of probabilities. Eliminate the lupozinns and every event of life is freed of uncertainty—nothing would be fortuitous, nothing accidental.

"The term which I use in defining this pestiferous bacillus is of my own coining. It is derived from lupus, a wolf.

"In all the world, Mr. Nickerson, there is but one force above and beyond the malefic influence of the lupozinns—the source of the great Law of Gravitation. Within this sphere of tremendous energy we are immune from the bacilli; yet, take but one step beyond the limits and you are the prey of any lupozinn that happens to be loitering in your vicinity. This is a very deep subject, my friend, and perhaps I weary you?"

"Not at all," I hastened to reply; "I am profoundly interested."

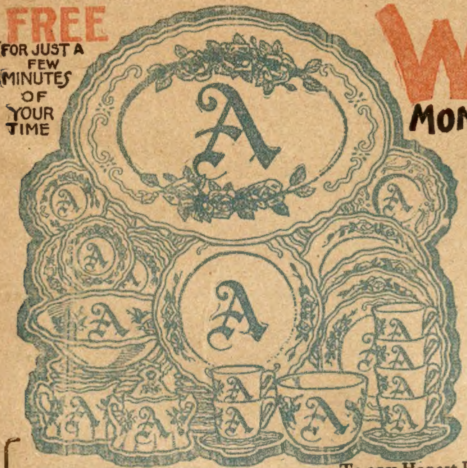
"From what I have already said," pursued Professor Markham, evidently pleased by the rapt manner in which I was following him, "you can imagine how vast a field lies open to the lupozinn's activity. Extremes of climate, earthquake and tornadoes fall within its exclusive province, no less than disasters by land and sea. I am even now at work on a thesis that aims to prove how uncounted billions of lupozinns, borne through space, are responsible for spots on the sun, for the absence of a Lunar atmosphere, and perhaps—I am not quite sure—for the 'rings' of Saturn.

"In the Outer World the lupozinns are everywhere. In fact, the smallest mishap may accurately be laid to the workings of this bacillus. The idea comprehended by the term of 'luck' is born of a subversion of some natural law, which subversion in itself is deplorable and bound to lead to disaster. And the lupozinn is back of it.

"All men are naturally honest. The murderer, the thief, the forger, the grafter—behind these hideous symptoms of overturned natural law the lupizinn is certain to be discovered."

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed. "In a game of draw poker, the activity of the lupozinns gives us a straight flush once in sixty-five

(Continued on page fourteen.)



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Be good and you will be lonesome, in Pittsburg.

A girl isn't necessarily breezy because she puts on a lot of airs.

Some married men are not home long enough to get homesick.

It's surprising what a lot of noise there is masquerading as music.

Many a young man worships a girl on his knees—if she's sitting there.

No woman ever attributes her husband's loss of appetite to her own cooking.

It is to the credit of the furniture trust that it was bright enough to know that it was guilty.

Traveling men have no reverence for age. Those in Wisconsin have formally protested against the roller towels in country hotels.

It has been frequently stated that figures will not lie, but many figures are misleading—as any dressmaker or tailor can inform you.

Complaint is made that the Douma is weak, though everybody knows that if it actually did anything it would be sent to Siberia.

Governor Hughes' experiences show that it is easier to get a Governor who will respond to public opinion than it is to get a good Legislature.

If the Kaiser's son goes to Harvard to grow up with the Roosevelt boys the princeling some day may be President of the republic of Germany.

Members of the Thaw jury want $5 a day instead of the customary $2. Evidently they are not satisfied to take out part of their pay in advertising.

For the protection of childlike political bosses in other cities it is to be hoped that the men who bribed Abe Ruef will be captured and dealt with by the law as they deserve.

Consul-General Shanklin at Panama wants comic opera companies for the canal workers. The general impression has been that comic opera is indigenous to the Panama region.

Cubans are on the anxious seat pending the arrival of Secretary Taft. Possibly they are afraid he also will sit on the anxious seat and break it. They should see to it at once that it is re-enforced.

Millionaire brewers in St. Louis are shoveling coal to keep up the fires in their plants during a strike. This may give them the first chance they have had in a long time to know how it seems to be hungry.

If more owners and operators of automobiles get killed than innocent bystanders, which seems to be the case this season, we may look for an outcry in favor of enforcement of speed regulations from an entirely new direction.

HOUSE OF THE MIDNIGHT SOUND.

By J. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS.

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CHAPTER VIII.

CATCHING THE MIDNIGHT SOUND.

Keeneyes sought the station and found that the train for St. Louis would leave in an hour, and that he could return to Goldenburg from St. Louis at ten o'clock the next night.

He sent the following telegram from the Goldenburg office:

"Jansen Moore,
"Banks, Mo.
"Meet me at the Planter's House at nine a. m. RICHARD ZELLERS."

Having seen this message dispatched, Keeneyes walked about town, learning all that he could about the habits and life of Thomas Overstreet. He traced Overstreet to one of the banks of which the old gentleman was a director.

Keeneyes learned that Overstreet was an old bachelor of sixty-five.

That he spent the greater part of the business day in the bank, reading his paper and conversing with lifelong acquaintances.

That he lived alone save for a nephew, who was an orphan, and an old negro, who kept the place in order and "slept out."

That the nephew did night work on the only daily paper of Goldenburg, and came home about three every morning.

By the time Keeneyes had picked up this information it was time to take his train.

Having once seated himself on the Lightning Express, and being convinced that none of the passengers possessed interesting possibilities, i. e., that they did not look like criminals, he took his partly-written tablet from his grip and fell to work.

He resumed the writing of his autobiography and immediately was lost to the world.

The train put him into St. Louis at eight the following morning.

At nine he stood before the Planter's House.

Here he was immediately joined by a young man who came down the steps to his side.

"Well, Jansen," said Keeneyes, drawing him apart and sitting with him, for many vacant chairs were scattered about on the broad pavement, "how did you leave my wife?"

"Quite well," said Jansen Moore, a young man of about twenty-four with a pale face upon which sorrow had written deep lines.

"I have a favor to ask of you," remarked Keeneyes.

"I hoped so when I received your telegram," said the young man earnestly. "You have saved me from a drunkard's and a gambler's grave. You snatched me from a course of insane dissipation. What would I not do to show my gratitude."

"All I want you to do along that line," remarked Keeneyes, "is to prove yourself a clean, honorable man. Do not bring up the past, my dear fellow. That is a sealed book, as Abraham or somebody equally antiquated once remarked."

"I was forcibly reminded of the past," said Jansen Moore plaintively, "by today's newspaper. It announces the sudden marriage of Clark Watson and—and—and——"

"Speak it out," cried Keeneyes cheerily, "it will be all the better for it. A fellow can't swim till he has made the cold plunge."

"And Nell Atkins."

"Just so; old Eleazer Atkins' granddaughter. And so she has married Clark Watson, hey? Good for Clark; bright young scamp."

"Had I not thrown my better self to the dogs," groaned Jansen Moore, "the paper would be announcing a very different bridegroom."

"Just so. But you are a new Jansen Moore now, and there are many potential brides still loose in the world. However, far be it from me to stifle a single one of your regrets. If we did not feel sorry for the wrong we have done, we could not cultivate an antipathy for wrongdoing.

"Now Jansen, I am a very busy man. I must go back to Goldenburg in a couple of hours. I have called you down here on pressing business.

"But, as you know, all my business is pressing.

"I want you to come to Goldenburg tomorrow and put up at the hotel there—any hotel—as if you did not know me.

"I have rented Judge Havens' house for a week.

"I am living there quite alone.

"Make it a point to find out where this house is situated, but do not linger about it.

"Of course you will do this the day after your arrival as you will get to Goldenburg at ten at night.

"Day after tomorrow, then, you will find out my stopping place.

"Night after next, hire a buggy, ostensibly to drive over to the next little town to meet a friend there; that town has no railroad so your course of action will be natural.

"Leave town on the proper pike, but do not proceed to the town.

"On the contrary, come back to Goldenburg by another way and at eleven o'clock drive up in front of Judge Havens' house.

"I will be standing on the sidewalk, waiting; you will not have to check your horses for an instant.

"Thereafter, I shall take the lines and manage the affair."

"And that is all, Mr. Zellers?"

"That is all, except that I warn you now not to be surprised at anything that may happen."

"You generally surprise me," said Jansen Moore, "but I will take pains not to betray my surprise to other people."

"Well, well, that is all I could reasonably ask, for I judge that I am somewhat of a surprise to people; yes, even to my own wife. Well, I will detain you no longer. Stay here in St. Louis till tomorrow. Go where you please, but please to go where gentlemen go. Have as good a time as possible; for the best time possible is impossible in an impure atmosphere. In a word," added Keeneyes grandly, "conduct yourself, my dear fellow, as you imagine I should conduct myself were I in your place. Good-by."

Having parted from Jansen Moore, Keeneyes sought a leading music house in St. Louis.

He made inquries touching phonographs and graphophones.

He compared their respective prices.

Then he learned how to regulate the cylinders.

It ended in his buying a large graphophone.

He found it expensive, but that did not trouble Keeneyes.

At the proper time, Keeneyes was back at Union Station.

In company with this graphophone, he journeyed Kentuckyward.

It was ten o'clock at night when he stepped off the car at Goldenburg.

Already he was a figure of general curiosity to the inhabitants of Goldenburg because he was living all alone in the house of the mysterious midnight sound.

The hackman who drove him to the gloomy building was almost consumed with curiosity to know the nature of the heavy object the solitary man had brought back with him from St. Louis.

But the graphophone was too securely packed in its box to give a hint of its nature.

It was only on account of its weight that Keeneyes had suffered himself to be driven from the station.

On being left alone, he dragged the box into the front room and having insured himself from observation from the window, he unpacked the musical instrument.

Then he carried it upstairs to his bedroom.

He set to work examining the cylinder, preparing the instrument for work and seeing to it that no wheel was loose, or screw out of place.

When this was accomplished, he dragged the washstand out of his bedroom and left it blocking up the head of the staircase in the next room.

"If the removal of the washstand prevents the sound from visiting me," he reflected, "it will greatly disarrange my plans. But I must learn if this ghost really insists upon the use of a washstand. It seems ridiculous that it should be so, but the very existence of the ghost itself is ridiculous, or tragic," he added under his breath, shaking his head.

In a word, Keeneyes was still greatly mystified over this ghostly noise.

When everything was arranged it was close upon twelve o'clock.

There was still an hour to wait, but with so much at stake it passed quickly enough.

The lighted lamp stood upon the floor beside the cot.

Keeneyes had not undressed. Watch in hand, he sat upon his single chair, waiting.

He had set his watch by the town clock; therefore he would know to the tick when the ghostly hour of one would strike.

It was now half past twelve, and intensely dark outdoors. Would the sound stay away because the washstand had been moved?

A quarter to one, now.

Ten minutes to one.

Five minutes.

Keeneyes had removed his coat and shoes. Stealthy as a panther he slipped toward the spot which had been visited the night before by the sound as of something dropping.

Almost over this spot, but a little in front of it, the graphophone rested.

Keeneyes knelt upon the floor beside the instrument and gave one swift glance at the vacant record which he had adjusted upon the cylinder. The pulling of a slide had reversed the machinery.

It was far from the purpose of Keeneyes to treat himself to a popular song, a nasal speech or a pecking orchestra. On the contrary, it was his plan to catch upon the impressionable record any music that might be floating in the air.

He glanced at his watch.

One minute to one.

Leaning forward, he rested his long shapely fingers lightly upon the noiseless key. Swiftly it turned and turned till the instrument was wound up to the highest tension. Suddenly from out the stillness of the night sounded the town clock.

One!

Instantly Keeneyes touched the spring.

Then came the midnight sound, quick, muffled, unechoing.

Apparently it took place upon the bare boards before Keeneyes' very face, within reach of his hand.

Something seemed to have dropped before him, something soft, dull-like, to quote the words of Jack Allen, "like the flop of a frog."

Doing a Week's Washing In 6 Minutes—Read the Proof

THIS woman is using a 1900 Gravity Washer. All she has to do is keep the washer going. A little push starts it one way—a little pull brings it back—the washer does the rest.

The clothes stay still—the water rushes through and around them—and the dirt is taken out.

In six minutes your tubful of clothes is clean.

This machine will wash anything—from lace curtains to carpets, and get them absolutely, spotlessly, specklessly clean.

There isn't anything about a 1900 Gravity Washer to wear out your clothes.

You can wash the finest linen, lawn and lace without breaking a thread.

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I can ship promptly at any time—so you get your washer at once.

Take it home and use it a month. Do all your washings with it.

And, if you don't find the machine all I claim—if it doesn't save you time and work—if it doesn't wash your clothes cleaner and better—don't keep it.

I agree to accept your decision without any back talk—and I will.

If you want to keep the washer—as you surely will when you see how much time, and work, and money it will save you—you can take plenty of time to pay for it.

Pay so much a week—or so much a month—as suits you best.

Pay for the washer as it saves for you.

I make you this offer because I want you to find out for yourself what a 1900 Gravity Washer will do.

I am willing to trust you, because you can probably get trusted at home. And, if your credit is good in your own town, it is just as good with me.

It takes a big factory—the largest washer factory in the world—to keep up with my orders.

So far as I know, my factory is the only one ever devoted exclusively to making washers.

Over half a million of my washers are in use.

Over half a million pleased women can tell you what my washers will do.

But you don't have to take even their say-so. You can test a 1900 Gravity Washer yourself. Then you will know positively.

Write for my book today. It is FREE.

Your name and address on a post card mailed to me at once, gets you my book by return mail.

You are welcome to the book whether you want to buy a washer now or not.

It is a big illustrated book, printed on heavy enameled paper, and has pictures showing exactly how my Washers work.

You will be pleased with this book. It is the finest even I have ever put out. Write me at once.

Find out just how a 1900 Gravity Washer saves your time and strength—preserves your health—and protects your pocketbook.

Write now—Address—R. F. Bieber, Manager "1900" Washer Co., 490 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y. Or, if you live in Canada, write to my Canadian Branch, 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Ontario.

But nothing was to be seen.

It had come and gone.

No, it had not gone.

For the mysterious midnight sound was securely caught upon the impressionable record of the graphophone.

Keeneyes waited till the softly whirring sound of the instrument had ceased.

Then he rose with a triumphant smile, nodded silently to himself, rubbed his hands as if taking a dry wash, and went to bed.

CHAPTER IX.

KEENEYES AND HIS ALLY.

The first thing Keeneyes saw when he woke up the next morning was his graphophone standing near the spot from which the washstand had been removed.

Keeneyes smiled with satisfaction.

The midnight sound was securely caught in the graphophone.

"Ah," said the detective, springing jauntily from his bed, "let us see how the midnight noise sounds in broad daylight, with the sunbeams falling all around it."

He reversed the cylinder and listened attentively.

The strange noise was reproduced successfully.

"The flop of a frog," murmured Keeneyes. "How gruesome!"

When he was dressed he reproduced the sound perhaps a dozen times, always listening with alert ear and heal a little on one side as if sitting for a human impersonation of the tableau, "Hearing his master's voice."

Then he went to breakfast.

When he left the restaurant he walked to the negro settlement and examined old Dave's cabin with the minutest care.

He did this without addressing anybody, and in a manner so skillful that he excited no especial attention.

It was about eleven o'clock when he had finished his explorations about town.

Then he went home and wound up his graphophone.

As soon as the instrument sounded the peculiar midnight noise, he would stop it and, turning it back, have a repetition, all the time listening with absorbing attention.

Sometimes he withdrew to the remotest corner to listen; sometimes he held his ear close to the instrument.

Once he looked up with a queer expression and said, "I do not think it is the flop of a frog."

At another time he remarked with conviction, "It is not a frog!"

The noon hour came, but the detective did not go to his dinner. He was like a child with a new toy.

The incessant whirr of wheels filled the solemn stillness of the bed chamber. The sunlight slipped from the room as if to leave Keeneyes alone with his mystery.

It was about two o'clock when the detective ceased the repetition of the midnight sound, yet he did not abandon his instrument. By skillful practice he was able to set the cylinder that it might revolve from the point which had caught the sound. In this way he could bring back the night immediately following the ghostly visitation.

It is true that Keeneyes had thought the midnight sound to be followed by absolute silence. Still, this might be a mistake. It was his purpose to discover if the faintest sound had followed the decided dropping noise.

Time and again he listened to the whirring wheels without being sure that he heard anything but the working of the machine.

At last his eyes lit up.

So faint as to be almost indistinguishable, nevertheless a sound was to be heard like the faintest whisper. Keeneyes at last rose stiffly from his knees.

He looked at his watch. It was five o'clock.

"Keeneyes!" he cried in a voice of absolute conviction, "you are a wonder!"

Then he lifted the graphophone and carried it downstairs and thence into the cellar.

He closed the cellar door carefully behind him. He remained in the darkness of the cellar almost an hour, entirely alone with the graphophone.

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Then he carried the instrument back to its original position in the "haunted" bed chamber.

"Let's go and get some supper," he said aloud; the words were spoken with some difficulty, for the detective was laughing heartily, something most unusual.

Ten at night was the time for the train to arrive from St. Louis. It would be another hour before Jansen Moore could obey the directions which the detective had given him.

There remained now very little for the detective to do. He placed the graphophone exactly over the spot where the midnight sound had come. Over this instrument he placed a wooden framework which he had found in the wilderness of the garden, a structure which had been carelessly stuck together years ago to be used as a tomato vine support.

Over this framework Keeneyes arranged a couple of sheets which he had stitched together.

Then for the first time since his occupancy of the house, he hung a calico spread over the window.

Having completed these arrangements, he went down stairs, leaving open every door behind him. He issued softly from the front door, and making his noiseless way through the weedy front yard, went out upon the sidewalk.

He was waiting for the sound of wheels.

If Jansen Moore failed him now, all his trouble would go for nothing.

Jansen Moore had arrived at ten o'clock the evening before from St. Louis. Keeneyes calculated the time it would take him to go to the livery stable to secure the horses and carriage, after a day of waiting in Goldenburg. True, he had been directed to come at eleven, but it would be difficult for the young man to time himself in the darkness.

Keeneyes had seen Jansen Moore several times that day, but Jansen Moore had not seen him. The detective chuckled as he had spied upon his unsuspecting friend.

But presently he grew anxious. The night was wearing on. The town clock had already struck eleven and now it was verging upon the half-hour.

Could anything have happened?

Suddenly the stillness of the deserted street was broken by approaching wheels. They did not come fast enough to attract attention from possible listeners, but came leisurely.

"Bright young man, after all," Keeneyes reflected.

The carriage came up and stopped.

"That you, Jansen?"

"Yes, Mr. Zellers," Jansen answered from the blackness of the gloom.

"Drive right on—I'm in," said Keeneyes in a hurried whisper.

The carriage passed down the street.

"Now," said Keeneyes when he was securely seated, "I will take the lines."

CHAPTER X.

KIDNAPED.

They had not gone far when Keeneyes quietly reversed the direction of the horses.

"I came last night," whispered Jansen Moore, "and put up at the hotel as you advised."

"Oh, yes," said Keeneyes carelessly. "I saw you eating pie there for supper. That is a dangerous expedient—eating pie for supper. But it takes no detective to discover that."

"But how could you have seen me? I was watching every face in sight to find if my presence here would attract attention——"

"Excuse me for interrupting you, my dear fellow, but we have something of pressing importance on hands just at present. As for seeing you at table, rest assured of this that when it is necessary for me to see anything, I see it. But now I must explain as we drive gently along—delightful night, do you not think?"

"Too dark for my taste," said Moore.

"But, my dear fellow, the darker the better, when it is a matter of kidnaping."

"Kidnaping?" echoed Moore aghast.

"Just so, my dear fellow, kidnaping."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Certainly."

"You are going to kidnap somebody?"

"This very night."

"But what are the laws in Kentucky on kidnaping? In Missouri——"

"Tush! What are the laws to me?"

"I don't know what they are to you," retorted Moore, "but they are considerable to me."

"Now," cried Keeneyes, "I like that from a young man who not long ago was ready to break all the laws of God and man."

Jansen Moore blushed with shame in the darkness and presently responded, "Thanks to you, though, I am trying to lead a better life. Well is it a—a—a baby?"

"Baby, indeed!" Keeneyes scoffed. "What do I want to kidnap a baby for? I have no use for one at present. You don't want one, do you?"

"Surely it is not a—a young lady!" gasped Moore.

Keeneyes chuckled. "No, no, I am not that desperately bound to get you a bride. In a word, it is an old negro man."

"An old negro man?"

"An old negro man."

"But—er—do you want an old negro man——"

"Want him? I can hardly wait to get him. I never wanted a new red-painted toy engine and train of cars, when I was a child, as I want this old negro man now."

Jansen Moore was silent.

"Look here, Moore, don't you understand?"

"Understand? It's like putting me down to a book of Sanskrit at dinner time."

"Moore," said Keeneyes peevishly, "you are obtuse. You know I occupy a house reputed as haunted. That being the case, you must know that some human agency produces the effects which are attributed to ghosts. The fact that I want to kidnap an old negro man ought to tell you that I believe he knows something about this human agency, and that it is my purpose to bring him to the spot and extort a confession from him by terrifying him with the apparition.'

'But how can you make an apparition, Mr. Zellers?'

"Moore," said Keeneyes impatiently, "you are to be the ghost, of course. Why did I send for you to come all the way from St. Louis?"

"I am sure I don't know. I didn't know I looked anything like a ghost."

"You'll look like one when I've fixed you," said Keeneyes, trying to recover his temper.

"But what do you want me to do?" queried Moore doubtfully.

"Moore, I don't want you to do anything. I want you to be like clay in the potter's hands, that's all I ask of you. You can surely comply with that request. It is not a difficult part to play."

"But I don't understand," said Jansen Moore, fretting at his inability to grope his way out of these mental difficulties.

"Moore, I don't want you to understand, or at least I don't require it. You'll understand soon enough. All I ask of you is to be a negation. Yes, sir," added Keeneyes, showing that relish and sudden lifting of the spirits customary with him whenever he found what he considered a particularly happy phrase, "a negation. And you may begin your duties as a negation by not talking any more, for we approach the field of danger."

They drove about half a block farther, then Keeneyes whispered in Moore's ears, "To pursue your part as a negation, kindly hold the horses and I will go and do the work."

They were in the negro quarters. A cabin or two loomed vaguely in the night where a red light burned low. The horses stamped restlessly. Moore waited anxiously.

At last a heavy step was heard in the road near at hand.

"Moore," whispered Keeneyes, "here he is. Pull him up in the seat. Take him in your arms. Don't be so gingerly, boy, hug him up.'

"Is he awake?" whispered Moore.

"Why, yes," panted Keeneyes as he pushed vigorously, "as old Dave doesn't happen to be one of the Seven Sleepers, he finds his slumbers slightly disturbed by this free ride."

"Won't he make an outcry?" Moore asked cautiously as he disposed of the rigid form beside him.

"He is gagged as well as bound."

"But won't he know us?" Moore faltered.

"I fancy before we part," said Keeneyes, as he leaped in behind and supported the old man's form from behind over the back of the seat, "that he will learn to recognize us when we meet."

Not another word was spoken till they reached Judge Havens' property.

Moore and the detective forced the old negro upstairs into the bedroom. Not only was Dave securely gagged, but he was blindfolded. He was quivering with terror.

"Don't you be afraid, Dave," said Keeneyes kindly, speaking in his natural voice; "we are not going to do you any harm. Nobody shall hurt you. As for you, Jansen Moore, go and take the horses back to the livery stable, and tell the owner you got lost, which is true enough, and that you have decided not drive over to the next town till daylight. You see? Then go on back to your hotel, as Dave has no further use for you. So good-by, Moore, and give my love to my wife when you get home."

"Good-by," said Jansen Moore uneasily, "but I hate to leave you like this, Mr. Zellers. How can you get this old fellow back home?"

"Oh, he can find his way back. He won't need you. Good night, friend."

Jansen Moore went downstairs.

He reached the front door.

Keeneyes called to him, "Oh, I have your watch. Wait, and I'll bring it down to you."

"Oh, no, you're mistaken," called Moore. "I have my watch in my—" He interrupted himself, amazed to find that his watch was gone.

"I have the watch," said Keeneyes as he went downstairs. "I don't need it any longer, though. "When he came close to Moore he whispered, "What on earth are you going to do? That talk about your taking the horses back to the livery stable was all for old Dave's benefit. You are to be my ghost. Don't make the least noise. Slip this white robe over you. Ah, that's beautiful! Now set this square structure upon your head. Rather heavy, hey? Well, my dark lantern is in it and I can tell you, it makes a weird effect! Now you can come right upstairs barefooted and slip across the room and crawl under that wooden horse with the sheet over it, and stay under it, making no noise till I speak the word 'Gludgers.' Then come forth and scare that negro if you can. Whatever you do, don't let him suspect that you're a common mortal. Don't do any talking. Just stand about. Just be a negation."

This extremely interesting story of mystery and detective persistence and cunning will be continued in next week's Ledger. We have several other strange stories of mystery awaiting publication, as well as numerous thrilling stories of adventure and love and life's strange dramas. Now is an excellent time to subscribe and get our splendid President Pictures and Ladies of the White House or any six of our fashionable spring patterns free as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Somewhat Different.

"Dis paper," said Languid Lewis, "tells erbout a hoss runnin' away with a woman, an' she was laid up fer six weeks."

"Dat ain't so worse," rejoined Boastful Benjamin. "A friend uv mine wunst run away with a hoss an' he wuz laid up fer six years."

A man's particular friends are often those who are not too particular.

500 Catarrh Treatments
To Be Given Away Free

You are troubled with that loathsome and dangerous disease Catarrh. You have longed for relief. You have wanted to be rid of the hawking, spitting, the foul breath, the constant annoying discharge from the nose, the disgusting dropping of mucus into the throat. You have been told a cure was impossible. You have tried doctors and various methods only to meet with failure.

I come to tell you that CATARRH CAN BE CURED. Right in your own home by means of an easy, painless, unfailing method, you may be cured. You can rid yourself of all the discomforts, the annoyances, the loathsomeness of Catarrh. The disease is all of these things, as you will learn by sad experience, if you have not already done so. It always has a small beginning, but it encroaches, steadily, persistently, relentlessly, until the vital organs of the body are attacked, and you face pain, lingering torture and death.

I have cured thousands. I can cure you if you come to me before it is too late.

I have decided to distribute 500 free treatments, **absolutely without charge,** to Catarrh sufferers. I want you to see my method, know what I have done for others. My life has been spent in the study of CATARRH, its Causes and Cure. Now I offer to share with you my experience and knowledge on the subject. I have been successful. I want YOU to profit by my success by taking advantage of my offer—a free treatment for Catarrh, gladly given to sufferers of the disease.

Don't delay. Write immediately. A post-card, with your address upon it, sent off NOW will secure one of the free treatments. An envelope containing your address, put into this mail will bring you what you have longed for, but despaired of—a cure for Catarrh. Tomorrow may be too late. Be one of the fortunate people to get one of these free treatments for Catarrh. Write right now.

Catarrh Specialist Sproule,
306 Trade Building, Boston.

10 LOVELY POSTALS, 20c. Frosted, LOVE Scenes, Transp't & Perfumed Satin Florals. American Art Co., West Haven, Ct.

LADIES—WE HAVE JUST WHAT YOU WANT. "DANKARILLA," 118 Biddle Block, Detroit, Mich.

LEARN to make wire jewelry. Catalogue, instructions and sample free. O. L. Coleman & Bro. Dept. 46 Dallas, Texas

RODS for locating mines and treasures, best made. (Guaranteed). Sold or rented. Cir. 2 cts. P. & M. NOVELTY CO., Kalamazoo, Mich.

PLAYS Large List. Dialogues, Speakers, Hand Books, Drills. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Pub., Dept. 6, CHICAGO

POST CARDS. For 10 cents we send Biggest and Best Pack. Tell us kind you want. HENDERSON, Medford, Okla.

A SONG "HIT" will make you rich. Send us your poems. Cash or Royalty for available manuscript. WAINWRIGHT MUSIC CO., 78-73 Evergreen av., Chicago

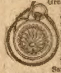
VACUUM CUP FOR BALDNESS AND FALLING HAIR. The only hygienic way to induce hair to grow. Harmless and healthful. By mail $15.00. Money back if dissatisfied. Booklet tells. VACUUM CAP-APPL. CO., School Street, BOSTON, MASS.

End Man's Wig 50c. Burnt Cork 10c. Carmine for Lips 25c. Wing Collar 50c. Large imitation Diamond stud or ring 25c. Entire Outfit $1.35. Send 4c stamp for large Catalogue of Plays, Wigs, etc., and "The Art of Making Up. M. Trademore Co., Toledo, Ohio

CURE YOUR PILES? YES!

And we prove it, here and now, by offering to send you for free trial, our Complete External and Internal Painless, Effective, Permanent Home Treatment. Then after you have cured yourself, you will know that there is a cure for this distressing ailment. Why delay? Write us at once about this offer. MERTANNO PHARMACAL CO., 20 Post Bldg., Covington, Ky.

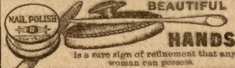
McGINTY WATCH



Greatest fun maker out. Looks like a regular watch. Plated hunting case with chain. When asked the time you can paralyze your friends by pressing the clasp and "Up jumps McGinty from the bottom of the sea," right in their face. Everybody has to laugh.

Sample 10c, 3 for 25c, 12 for 75c, postage paid.

UNITED SPECIALTY CO., 94 Dearborn St., Dept. 92, Chicago



BEAUTIFUL HANDS is a sure sign of refinement that any woman can possess.

MANICURING SELF-TAUGHT

Our book of instructions tells all and will be sent with a Complete Manicuring Outfit, postpaid, anywhere in the United States for.... 50c

Address all orders to

UNITED STATES SUPPLY CO., Dept. 6, CINCINNATI, OHIO

FREE—TEDDY BEAR

1 1-3 Feet High.

Fuzzy Teddy Bears are all the rage; every child wants one. We use the finest fuzzy cloth, White and Cinnamon. They are to be stuffed. The joints will not pull out and are equal to those in the best foreign Bears. We will give you absolutely free, as a premium, the Bear for selling one dozen Woven Blueing, "the best Blueing made" at 10c. each. Write today and we will send the blueing, postpaid. When sold, send us the $1.20 and we will forward a Teddy Bear, postpaid.

If you do not want to sell our Blueing, send us 50c. and we will forward above described Teddy Bear, postpaid.

Textile Blueing Co., Dept. D38, 38 White St., N. Y.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

APRIL IS THE MONTH

Make This Up at Home and Take It Now.

Now is the time to get the rheumatic poisons and foul acids from the blood and system, states an eminent authority, who says that Rheumatism and Kidney trouble are caused by the blood, which often becomes sour from excessive acids, and also tells what to do to make it pure and healthy.

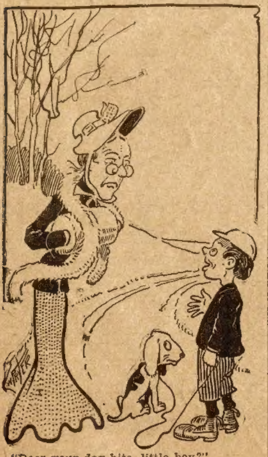
Get from any good prescription pharmacy one-half ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion, one ounce Compound Kargon, three ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla. Mix by shaking in a bottle and take a teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime.

Just try this simple blood cleanser and tonic at the first sign of Rheumatism, or if your Kidneys are not acting right. Any one can easily prepare this mixture at home.

Where It Pinched.

Lovely Daughter—Why do you so object to Mr. De Poor? Is it not better to live in a cottage with one you love than to dwell in a palace with one you hate?

Practical Father—Yes, my dear, very much better; but he hasn't the cottage.



"Does your dog bite, little boy?"
"Yes, madam. But I guess you're safe. Fido don't care for bones or tough food."

Proper Accent.

Farmer (with hand to his ear)—"Did I understand yew t' say yew wuz a-lookin' fer work?

Hobo—Sure t'ing—wid de accent on de wuz.

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

Rider Agents Wanted

In each town to ride and exhibit sample 1906 model. Write for Special Offer. Finest Guaranteed 1906 Models $10 to $27 with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires. 1904 & 1905 Models all of best makes $7 to $12 500 Second-Hand Wheels All Makes and Models, good as new $3 to $8 Great Factory Clearing Sale. We Ship on Approval without a cent deposit, pay the freight and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Tires, coaster-brakes, sundries, etc. half usual prices. Do not buy till you get our catalogs. Write at once. MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept R58 Chicago

FISH BITE INSTANTLY

All seasons, if you use INDIAN FISH BAIT. Best bait ever invented. Full size box 500 baits sent postpaid 25c silver. Write for "Free Trial Offer" and Booklet "How to Catch More Fish," both sent Free. Agents wanted. W. C. Andrews, Box B, 1268, Muskogee, Ind. Ter.

MAKE MONEY EASY

Agents wanted in every county to sell the popular Novelty Knives with name, address, photo, lodge emblem etc., on handle. Send stamp for catalogue. AGENTS EARN $75 to $300 A MONTH. (We show you how.) Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. Write quick for our liberal money making special offer to agents. Our new self-sharpening scissors are the quickest sellers for lady agents. NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 23 BAR STREET., CANTON, O.

AGENTS learn to fit glasses by sending for our Free Book on the eye; it will tell you all about it. A business that pays you from $75.00 to $150.00 per month without fail; the optical profession will do it for you. No field so pleasant, profitable or so little worked. No longer necessary to work for some one else at a meager salary. Every agent should have this VALUABLE BOOK. It costs you nothing and tells all about fitting glasses and where to get the best supplies at wholesale prices. Address JACKSONIAN OPTICAL COLLEGE, Dept. F, JACKSON, MICHIGAN

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

JOKES AND

Down at Bacon Ridge.

Hiram Hardapple—Old Josh Wheatly killed his red cow yesterday and found a peck of nails and railroad spikes in her stomach.

Zeke Crossby—Do tell! Josh always was lucky. Now he'll have beef and iron for a spring medicine without getting it at the drug store.

Pretty Swift Chap.

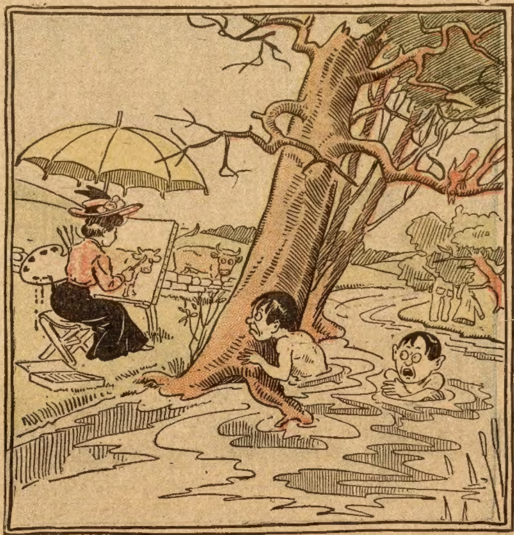
"And you really allowed that young man to kiss you?" reproached the stern parent.

"I—I couldn't help it, mamma," laughed the blushing girl.

"But when he asked you for a kiss why didn't you pout?"

"I did, and the goose thought it was a pucker."

POEMS WE REMEMBER—"THE OLD SWIMMIN' HOLE."



Oh, the old swimmin' hole, in the creek so cold and still.
There are moments that I can't forget, and likely never will;
Even now I'm still in wonder, and can't think to save my soul
How we had the heart to climb out of the old swimmin' hole.

How He Lost His Job.

"I suppose you are glad to get Willie back, Mrs. Dutton. He didn't stay long with the circus, did he?"

"Indeed he didn't. Willie is too tenderhearted. They found him one day in the rhinoceros' cage putting court plaster on the cracks in the animal's hide, and they fired him."

Not Qualified.

Pat—Say, Moik, phwat's th' rayson th' Indians ain't allowed t' vote?

Mike—Faith, an' it do be thimsilves as know nawthin' av polyticks at all, at all. They wor born in this counthry.

A Taste of It.

Missionary—And do you know nothing whatever of religion?

Cannibal—Well, we got a taste of it when the last missionary was here.

Of the Conventional Type.

"Anything peculiar about these people that have just moved into the house next door to you, Mrs. Crossway?"

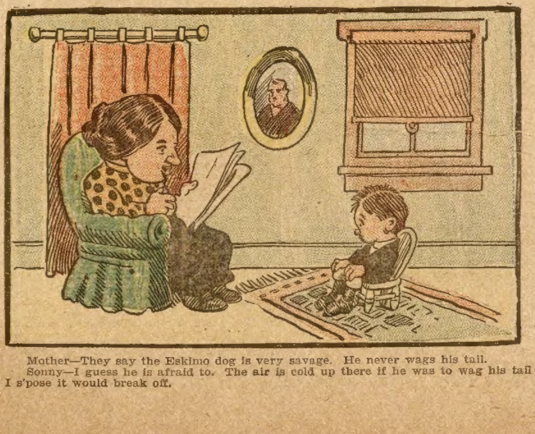
"No; there's nothing unusual about them. They've borrowed a step ladder and a tack hammer, and turned their children loose in our back yard."

Insinuating.

"Would that I were up in the moon,"
Said the maiden sweet and fair;
And when the dudelet asked her why,
She sighed and pointed to the sky—
And said: "There's a man up there!"

Modern Bogy Man.

Keep your eyes wide open,
If you're on the bughouse list;
Or some day he will get you—
The all-wise alienist.



Mother—They say the Eskimo dog is very savage. He never wags his tail.

Sonny—I guess he is afraid to. The air is cold up there if he was to wag his tail I s'pose it would break off.

CLEAR-HEADED

Head Bookkeeper Must Be Reliable.

The chief bookkeeper in a large business house in one of our great Western cities speaks of the harm coffee did for him:

"My wife and I drank our first cup of Postum Coffee a little over two years ago, and we have used it ever since, to the entire exclusion of tea and the old kind of coffee. It happened in this way:

"About three and a half years ago I had an attack of pneumonia, which left a memento in the shape of dyspepsia, or rather, to speak more correctly, neuralgia of the stomach. My 'cup of cheer' had always been coffee or tea, but I became convinced, after a time, that they aggravated my stomach trouble. I happened to mention the matter to my grocer one day and he suggested that I give Postum Food Coffee a trial.

"Next day it came, but the cook made the mistake of not boiling it sufficiently, and we did not like it much. This was, however, soon remedied, and now we like it so much that we will never change back. Postum, being a food beverage instead of a drug, has been the means of curing my stomach trouble, I verily believe, for I am a well man today and have used no other remedy.

"My work as chief bookkeeper in our Co.'s branch house here is of a very confining nature. During my coffee-drinking days I was subject to nervousness and 'the blues' in addition to my sick spells. These have left me since I began using Postum Food Coffee, and I can conscientiously recommend it to those whose work confines them to long hours of severe mental exertion." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Just Like a Man.

To win her hand he vowed that he
Would move the earth, the sky, the sea;
But after they had wedded down
His wife was forced to wear a frown.
For he refused, though she might weep,
To move his chair so she could sweep.

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

As the Horse Views It.

Thus spake the cow unto the horse,
"Has the auto come to stay?"
The horse looked up disdainfully
And thus replied: "Neigh! Neigh!"

A Dainty Little Maid.

Every one ought to have her. She is dressed in pretty colors and changes the color of her skirt herself when it is going to rain. She indicates when it is wise to take an umbrella or when you can do without. She is the simplest and best of barometers. She is an ornament, a good seller for agents, a pretty gift, a good business souvenir and useful to any one. She or one of her sisters comes postpaid with full directions for only 10 cents. W. P. Randolph & Co., 78 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Nearest Approach.

"Have you any decorations in America like the Victoria Cross, for example?"

"Er—er——well, I think perhaps the 'double cross' is our nearest approach to it."

To WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth; or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 203 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

Another Slight Jolt.

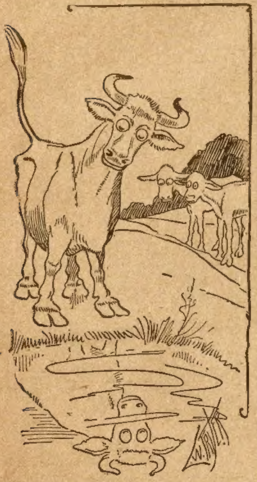
Sapleigh—Weally, Miss Cutting, I dawnced so stwenously in that last waltz that me head feels light, doncher know.

Miss Cutting—Indeed! I supposed that sensation was so common with you that you had ceased to notice it.

JOLLITY

Money Mad.

The Poor Young Man—Mr. Croesus, I would like to marry your daughter.
Old Croesus—Ah, you love her, sir?
The Poor Young Man—Madly!
Old Croesus—Which one?
The Poor Young Man—Oh, either of them.



Willie Calf—Why is that old cow always looking at herself in the pool and boasting of her graceful lines?

Johnny Calf—Why, haven't you heard the cause of her vanity? One of the city hunters mistook her for a deer.

Shun the Kitchen Apron.

"Don't eat that kitchen apron, Bill,"
The prudent Nannie cried.
"And why? I'd like to have you tell,"
The greedy goat replied.

"Because 'twill make you sick," she said
"And turn you all kerflummick;
A kitchen apron's bound, you know,
To go against the stomach."

For forty-two years—during three generations—Hayner's Distillery, located at Troy, Ohio, has been in constant operation. Millions of consumers are willing to testify to the high standard and quality of Hayner Whiskey. Every bottle of Hayner Whiskey is sold under a positive guarantee of purity, backed by certificate No. 1401 of the Department of Agriculture of the United States.

A representative of one of the greatest newspapers in this country called upon Mr. W. M. Hayner, President of the Hayner Distilling Co., who explained to this representative the magnitude of the Hayner plant, and when he found that the plant covered three city squares, with a capacity of 2,000 bushels per day and a warehouse capacity of 5,000,000 gallons, he was astounded at the magnitude, and when advised that in all of these forty-two years of experience, the entire product of this immense plant has been sold direct to the consumer under a positive guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, he was even more surprised, but after Mr. Hayner had explained to him the facilities of the Company for producing pure whiskey and the methods employed by the Hayner Distilling Company in their various offices handling the trade, he could readily understand how such an enormous business could be established.

The Hayner Distilling Company have recently added to their already large plant equipment for bottling in bond to enable them to supply goods of this character. The newspaper representative was very much surprised to find just what bottled-in-bond meant, but after Mr. Hayner had explained to him that goods bearing the title of Bottled-in-Bond is bottled at the distillery in the United States Government Bonded Warehouse under the supervision of the United States storekeepers and gaugers, and that each bottle bearing the endorsement of the United States Government by green stamp over the cork, which guarantees its full strength, full measure, absolute purity and age, and is in strict accordance with the requirements of the Pure Food and Drug Act of June 30, 1906, he could readily understand why such an additional equipment was necessary.

We would advise our readers who are interested to read the advertisement of the Hayner Distilling Company on page twelve of this issue.

Quite a Relief.

"What did the editor of the Blue Goose want?" anxiously asked the editor of the Bacon Ridge Bugle.

"Why, his type has run out," replied the boy, "and he wants to borrow a few W's and Y's. Can you spare them?"

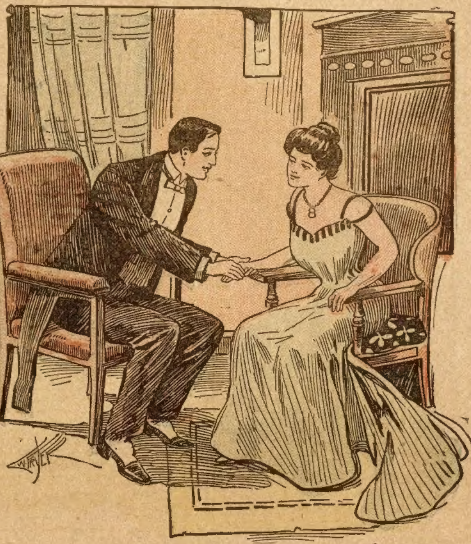
"Sure! Send over a whole case. As long as he don't want to borrow any X's or V's everything is all right."

Out in Eagle Eye.

"Say, pard," said Bad Bill, solemnly, "you better cancel that side-splitting comedy and put on a doleful tragedy tonight.

"Why so?" said the manager in surprise.

"Wal, you see, it is spring now and all the boys have boils. If they should get to laffin' and hurt one of those boils thar certainly would be some shooting in that opery house."



Gerald—My love for you is with me always; it even keeps me awake nights.

Geraldine—It doesn't give me much sleep either, when you are here every night till after 12.

Something Fierce.

"No, sah," remarked the Kentucky colonel, "Arkansaw didn't agree with me. I was sick all the time I was there, sah."

"What was the trouble?" queried the Ohio man. "Couldn't you drink the water?"

"That was the trouble, sah," replied the Kentuckian. "I had to drink it. I couldn't drink the whisky, sah."

Wasted Opportunities.

Green—What do you think of Bullem's $50,000 failure?
Brown—I think Bullem must be crazy."
Green—Why?
Brown—With his opportunities he should have failed for at least twice that amount.

Springtime Dream.

De cunnel lak de wahm sun rays,
Wid de song buhds en de tulips:
Kase den ne dreams ob de comin' days—
De days ob de ol' mint juleps.

Back-Yard Repartee.

The Dog—I'm going to play baseball in the spring.
The Cat—So? With what nine?
The Dog—With the K-nine.
The Cat—I'm going to study law or medicine, but haven't decided which.
The Dog—Haven't you any choice?
The Cat—No. Both are in the fee-line.

True Gallantry.

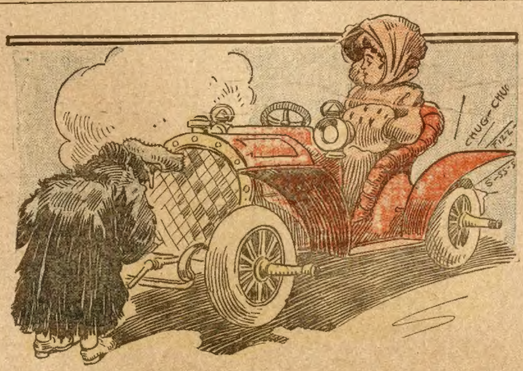
"Alas!" exclaimed the beautiful woman, "I'm growing old. Only this morning I discovered three gray hairs in my head."

"Oh, that's nothing," rejoined the gallant bachelor. "So long as they can be counted they don't count."

Excessive Generosity.

Blox—Is Kerr what you would call a generous man?

Knox—I should say so. Why, he would give away the best friend he had.



The Chauffeur—What will your father say when he finds we have eloped with the auto?

Daughter of the House—Oh, he will probably ship us a gallon of gasoline with his blessing.

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$36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES TO MEN with rigs to introduce our Poultry Goods. JAVELLE CO., Dept. 29, PARSONS, Kansas

$41.00 per Week and Expenses to man with rig to introduce our Poultry Goods. Eureka Manufacturing Co., Dept. L, Navasota, Tex.

$75 Month and Expenses; no experience needed; position permanent; self-seller. PEASE MFG. Co., Station W, Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. HERBENE AGENCY Co., Box 282, Sta'n L, New York

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SELL TOBACCO AND CIGARS. Locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Full time or side line. Steady work. Good pay. Promotion. Address MOROTOCK TOBACCO WORKS, Box Q 13, DANVILLE, VA.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290—30 W. Adams St., Chicago.

$1.00 AN HOUR Introducing Electric Combs, Brushes, and other Fast Sellers; Samples Free to Good Agents. Dr. C. L. HULL, 1431 Penn Ave., PITTSBURG, PA.

$100 A MONTH and traveling expenses paid men to place Pepto-Protein (for stock and poultry) with dealers. Experience unnecessary. *Expenses advanced.* A. DAREL CO., PARSONS, Kansas.

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WANTED YOUNG MEN BRAKEMAN, FIREMAN, ELECTRIC MOTORMAN, PORTERS. Experience unnecessary. Name position; 100 positions open. Inter. Railway Inst., Dept. A, Indianapolis, Ind.

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$25.00 a Week We want a reliable representative (lady or gentleman) to represent us in this territory, and to secure one will make the most liberal offer ever known. NO SCHEME. Pleasant, Permanent, Strictly Legitimate Business. Real Profits, $25.00 to $50.00 a Week. Write at once. Don't delay. M. B. Lockwood & Co., Ashtabula, Ohio

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BIG MAIL FREE! POST OFFICE Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, INDIANA, Indiana County, PENNA.

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It matters not how far away you live or whether you reside in a city or in the country, we'll ship you a single article or furnish your home complete and give you from *twelve to fourteen months in which to pay for your purchases.*

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Big Catalog No. 39 FREE Write for it today. It is a large and beautifully illustrated catalog of Furniture, Rugs and Draperies, illustrated in colors, very elaborate.

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Size 12 x 9 Feet

Superior quality Tapestry Brussels Rugs, *no miter seams*, specially woven, high grade, (not made from carpets) beautiful pattern as illustrated above, most durable colors, the best Rug that ever sold in America at the price.

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CARDS Send 2c stamp for New SAMPLE BOOK of all the FINEST Styles in Gold Beveled Edge, Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Envelope and Calling Cards for 1907. We sell GENUINE CARDS, Not Trash. UNION CARD CO., B 22, Columbus, Ohio.

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GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE, 1907, tells all about pure-bred poultry and describes and illustrates 60 varieties. 10 beautiful natural color plates. Gives reasonable prices for stock and eggs; how to cure diseases, kill lice, make money. This valuable book only 10 cents. Address B. H. Greider, Rheems, Pa

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An invaluable leaflet for the homeseeker and the investor has just been published by the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY. It describes the country along the new railway extension from Glenham, Walworth County, South Dakota, to Butte, Montana. Sent to any address for two cent stamp by F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, or W. S. Howell, General Eastern Agent, 381 Broadway, New York

WANTED—AT ONCE—ON SALARY and expenses; one good man in each locality with rig, or capable of handling horses, to advertise and introduce a new patent direct and to the trade. No experience necessary. We lay out your work for you; $25 a week and expenses; position permanent. Write W. A. JENKINS MANUFACTURING CO., London, Ontario, Canada

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$4.95 MEN'S FINE SUIT AND EXTRA TROUSERS

To widely advertise our great tailoring shops and make our fine clothing and low prices famous, we will sell 12,000 men's suits of NAVY BLUE WOOL CASSIMERE at $4.95 each and as a special premium and adv. we will give free with each suit at $4.95 a pair of handsome, latest style, fine fancy striped worsted trousers.

The Suit is Graham's finest grade navy blue cassimere, a splendid fast color fabric of perfect weave and beautiful changeless finish. It is stylishly made up by expert tailors in latest single breasted sack style to fit perfect, is serge lined, elegantly finished and is guaranteed better than exclusive clothiers $8.00 to $10.00 suits or no sale.

The Free Trousers which we give with the suit at $4.95 are made of beautiful dark fancy striped worsted, are very stylish, finely tailored and perfect fitting. This is the most astonishing and wonderful clothing offer ever made and we openly challenge any firm to equal it.

Send $1.00 deposit, give chest measure over vest, waist measure over trousers, length of inseam and height and weight, and we will send the fine navy blue cassimere suit and extra pair of elegant, fancy striped worsted trousers by express subject to examination at the express office, you to pay the balance, $3.95 and express charges, after you examine the clothes and find them perfectly satisfactory, a perfect fit, the greatest clothing bargain you ever saw and equal to any suit and extra trousers you ever saw at $10.00 to $12.00 and as stylish an outfit as there is in your neighborhood regardless of price; otherwise we will promptly refund your $1.00. Order the outfit today or send for our big cloth sample book which contains 150 fine cloth samples of ready-made and made-to-order suits at $4.50 up; trousers, $1.25 up; cravanettes, $6.98 up, 2 piece hot weather suits, $4.00 up; and complete stocks of outing trousers, alpaca coats, auto dusters, fancy vests, etc. They are elegant fabrics, from World Famous Woolen Mills, critically assorted to suit every taste and every age. Order the outfit or write for the sample book today.

JOHN M. SMYTH CO. 150-207 West Madison Street **CHICAGO**

HER SCATHING TRIAL.

BY CONSTANCE BEATRICE WILLARD.

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Begun in No. 12, March 23. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIII.
THE CHARGE I LAY UPON YOU.

Wearily the days and nights dragged by for Wisdom Stanford, while Katherine, stifling her grief, became more and more of favorite. Yet, while she did her best and worked without ceasing, it was not her intention to remain forever upon the stage. Already she was taking lessons so as to perfect her voice, and in a way-off dream, she saw herself upon the operatic stage.

For days Stanford's physician, nurses and friends thought he could not come back, so far did he seem across the dark river, then the crisis came very quietly, and he smiled faintly at one of the nurses, whispering: "Katherine."

Then he went to sleep.

After that, though, there came a difficult period in which to make him gain a little. Once he had reached a certain point, it seemed impossible to get him to care one way or the other. Mr. and Mrs. Loftus came to see him, and cards showered upon him, and one, daintily engraved in Old English, bore the inscription:

"Violet Villiars," and was attached to a great basket of exquisite violets.

Hitherto, he had steadily refused to have any flowers in his rooms, but these he kept. Once, as he felt the strength coming back to him, he thought he would go and see this actress upon the stage, for he felt that the daily gift of violets was from her, but it was only once. All women hurt him now, even sprightly Mrs. Loftus, who fairly labored with all her will to bring a smile to his face, and he decided to leave town and go somewhere and ease the hurt of memory.

"Where can I go?" he asked himself again and again, and at last decided to buy a yacht, naming it "Katherine." When Thad Loftus and his wife saw that name, they thoroughly understood, even before he talked to them in their pretty home the night before sailing:

"Thad, I am placing my load upon your shoulders. Pay up everything. Do not let a single person suffer from George Graham's failure. When you have every receipt simply insert in the papers that every creditor has been satisfied to the penny, so she may see it, and the hurt be taken from her heart."

Thad wrung his hand, but not allowing him to speak, Stanford turned to Mrs. Loftus, whom he had learned to admire and respect, and continued:

"To you, my dear friend, I leave what is more precious—my dear love's safety. If anywhere, or anyhow, no matter what the conditions, you come across her, remember how I love her, and take charge of her for me," and then, overcome by his feelings, he sprung to his feet and staggered from the house.

When they saw him off the next day, his face was stern and set until the last moment, when it melted into his exquisite smile, and as they went down the ladder and seated themselves in the little boat, he, lifting his cap, said almost joyously:

"Good luck to both of you," and then for many months that was all that they saw of him.

CHAPTER XIV.
ONLY LESS UNFORTUNATE.

When the theater closed Katherine was very busy for she had a number of new parts to study, her vocal lessons and a thousand and one little things to do, which had been crowded from her everyday life as an actress. She therefore decided to spend her vacation in the city, and upon her various outings generally took Mrs. Brisby or Mrs. Fallows with her, for she was one who never could forget those who had befriended her.

At last she decided upon a visit, which she hated to make, and yet felt that she must, to the Slavinski family, whom she described in her diary.

It was a horribly hot day in August when she started early in the morning, and her heart dropped lower and lower as she penetrated the dismal district where these miserable people had made their home. When she asked for them at their former address, however, she was told that they had moved, and was somewhat surprised to find that it was in a little better section, although squalid enough, and when she clambered up five winding, dirty flights of wooden stairs she knew that their lives were constantly in danger from fire.

Mrs. Slavinski herself opened the door in response to Katherine's knock, and burst into tears of joy when she saw her.

"And you remembered us!" she said again and again in the midst of her tears.

"You have a better place here," Katherine said pleasantly.

"Isn't it fine? I do more sewing and can keep things clean," pointing to the reasonably clean floors and windows. "I have time to cook and sew, we have money now."

"You have it the same way?" Katherine asked sadly.

"Sure, but what would you? None can make money like Kit."

"Where is Kit?" Katherine replied, and the mother went to a closed door and tapped. A rough voice replied with an oath, but when the mother mentioned Kate's name, there came a quick:

"Let her in," and Katherine walked slowly into a room more pitiful than the old one where they all lived together. A close odor filled the room, in which were mingled fumes of whisky, and Katherine quickly threw up the one window, letting in the light upon the blinking girl on the bed. About were garments of every kind, some fine and all gaudy. Mixed together on the dresser were ointments, rouges, powders, hair dyes and all kinds of cosmetics, over which the golden sun shone with ghastly effect, but of it all nothing equalled the face of Kit.

"Draw the blind," Kit said in a whining tone. "I'm not fit to be seen."

Katherine felt that indeed she was not, complied with the request and then advanced to Kit's bed.

"I'm feeling bum. Mother'll make us some strong coffee and that'll pull me together." As she spoke she was blinking her eyes and freeing them.

She was so terrible with smears of rouge on her cheeks, pencil stains running down her face, and her lips gleaming scarlet in her sallow skin.

There was such tender compassion in Katherine's pure face that the other Catherine pulled the sheet over her face, sobbing:

"How dare you come here and make fun of me? I wish I was dead, so I do!"

"You soon will be, if you keep up this life," Katherine said softly, taking one of the feverish hands in hers.

"Well, what can I do?" she asked, as she had so often. "Jans can take care of himself, he won't stay here, but father is so weak and mother can't sew any more, and we must have money. I'm getting so ugly and worthless that I'm due at the morgue most any time, and then I suppose the devil will take the old folks," and she broke into such a storm of weeping that Katherine hastily decided.

Mrs. Turner (Thad Turner's wife) was on the board of directors of a home for erring women, situated in the woods. No one knew the other's history, and every effort was made to better the condition of these waifs. She knew that room would be made for Kit, and with her brave resolution, she decided to shoulder the support of the Slavinski family.

"Kit," she whispered gently, "you don't like this kind of life?"

"I like it? Oh. Why, I loathe it so that sometimes I think I will kill us all," and she shivered.

"If I have you sent to a hospital where no one will know anything about you, and where you will be brought back to health, will you promise me to become good again?"

Such an expression of joy lit up the poor, bloated face, then it was overshadowed:

"The old folks?" she whispered.

"I am going to take them away from here and put them where they will have a good place, and pay their way. Again she was going to call upon Mrs. Turner. This lady, who had many hobbies, possessed a little house in the suburbs, to which she oftentimes liked to take a run for a day or two, and again to send some one broken in the race of life. The great trouble was to find a man and wife to take charge of everything, and Katherine knew that Slavinski and his wife were ideal servants for the place.

Kit sat up in bed, her bleached hair falling about her, and cried hoarsely:

"And do you mean that I can go and get well and come back honest?"

"I will give you something to do."

"And the old folks will be fixed?"

"For life."

"And I don't need to think of this terrible life again?"

"No, dear," and Katherine's voice trembled as she bent to meet the outstretched arms and quivering lips, and as she gathered the sinning girl to her brave, strong heart, she whispered a prayer of joy that at least one would be saved from an awful life.

CHAPTER XV.
KINDNESS WALKING WITH HER HAND IN HAND.

Mrs. Turner, who was very fond of Katherine, gladly acceded to her favorite's requests, and within two days the slums knew the Slavinski family no more. Even Jans was given a place with Mason, and happiness glowed in four hearts. As she saw Kit off, Katherine whispered in the poor sinner's ear:

"I am going to need a maid, so hurry and get cured," for she had decided to take the fallen girl, against whom most hands would be turned, under her own care.

In many ways did this noble girl exert her influence. Without saying much, she induced Mason to advocate a raise of wages throughout the entire house, and those who had never known her, or only to sneer at the star model, were bettered and never imagined to whom they owed their prosperity.

Yet, through it all, the delicate heart suffered; the patient, never failing love scored her, and in the dark of the night she would lie sobbing and wondering about the health of her dear one. No one ever knew how she yearned over him, during the time the papers daily announced his approaching end, and her only solace was in the violets she sent without fail. Now, away on his yacht, it seemed even harder.

With all this, studying her parts and consulting with her manager, she was kept so busy that for this reason she did not lose her mind, but awakened a deep feeling of pride in Turner's heart at his possession of such a wonder.

At the close of the season, however, she had made one decision, and spoken very resolutely to him about it.

"I will not play with Mr. Stiles next season," she said sternly, at the close of the evening's performance.

Turner felt sorry, for Stiles was a good looker, a favorite, and played well to her lead.

"What has he done?" the manager asked, hoping that it was something else that could be easily attended to.

"You know in the last act," she said quickly, speaking of a play newly placed on their boards, "where we sit there, he with his back to the audience, his hands clasped about his knees, and I with my head turned half aside, thinking if I can forgive?"

"Yes."

"Tonight, when I was at his mercy, he began making violent love to me, and when, according to my lines, I stretch out my hands and say lovingly, 'You are too dear for me to ever let you go,' he dared to pretend that I meant them as an answer to his own nonsense, and catching me in his arms, kissed me until the house rocked with applause."

Turner had difficulty in keeping his face straight.

"But, my dear Violet, you know you want things natural."

"Of course I do, and if all that was in the play I would have said nothing, but this man is continually making real love to me, and his kisses were not the right kind," and to this she kept firm, and Stiles was disposed of, but it was difficult to get a man to take his place.

"I suppose, young lady, you realize how much trouble you have made me?" Turner asked, when they again took up the subject of her leading man.

"Do you think I was super-sensitive?"

"For an actress, yes."

"But it was so distasteful," she pleaded. "I think he will behave himself now, and he knew your ways so well, I hate to lose him altogether."

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We know that Magic Foot Drafts are curing Rheumatism in almost every form and stage—curing old chronic cases of 30 and 40 years' standing after doctors' prescriptions, mineral baths and medicines had failed. No matter what you have tried, or how long you have suffered, our faith is strong that this new external remedy will cure you sound and well of Rheumatism. You are welcome to

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try the remedy at our expense—we want to send you the proof. You don't have to take our word for anything. Simply ask for it—Try it—Prove for yourself how it can cure you. We will send to you by mail prepaid a $1.00 pair of Magic Foot Drafts free to try in your own home and trust you to send us one dollar when you get relief—not a cent do you pay us unless you are relieved. This remedy is curing thousands and we are pretty sure it will cure you. Surely you must try it while we offer to send you the cure merely for the asking. Send your name and full address today to Magic Foot Draft Company, R Z 15, Oliver Building, Jackson, Michigan.

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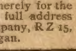

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THE ENGLEWOOD CO. CONSOLIDATED FACTORIES, DEPT 20 **Chicago, Ill.**

"Can you get him?"

"Yes."

Katherine paused for a moment, then said quietly:

"Send him to me."

Keith Stiles felt, as he would have admitted himself, "jolly good and sick," when he bent his well-groomed head over her little hand, and murmured:

"You are not only an angel as an actress, but in ordinary everyday life."

"Ah, Mr. Stiles," Katherine said, smiling in spite of herself, "and you are the same heartless flatterer in both places. Do drop all this affectation and be natural."

The man looked at her a minute, then asked slowly:

"Do you mean it?"

"I really do," motioning him to a seat.

Never before had she seen a man's face so changed as his, as he dropped into a low chair, and resting his face on his hand, look her directly in the eyes

"Then I will drop my mask, young woman and let you know just what I do think," he said so grimly that she shrunk back.

The man laughed cruelly as he said:

"I'm not going to hurt you; it would be impossible to hurt your feelings, and I would not lay my hands upon a woman, so sit down yourself."

Katherine seated herself, looking in amazement at this man, who had always annoyed her by his suave manner and affected style of acting.

"Before you came to our company I was the leader. The leading woman was no good, and all the scoring was done by me. Then, in a single day you step in, and are a winner from the start. There is no mistake about that. I saw sure enough that you knew nothing about acting, so you must be a born genius, but how disagreeable to one of my stamp," and he sighed.

"I am so sorry," Katherine began, but he cut her short.

"Take off your mask, too. Let us meet face to face."

"I have none to take off," she said gently. "You are right. All my acting is perfectly natural, and if I have done anything to appear disagreeable, believe me, I did not mean it."

"You hated me."

"Not exactly that, but sometimes your way of acting."

"Why?"

"Because it was not natural. In real life men do not move about as though on wheels, clutch their hearts with a hand that bears a diamond ring, nor do they," here her face crimsoned brilliantly, "kiss a woman they have been delicately wooing for days, as you do. Such kisses, even if given to a wife, who has just consented to forgive and take you back with all your faults, would drive her from you forever. As you draw her gently into your arms, you would slide her face down on your arm, and bending over it as though you saw the light of Heaven in her eyes, press a reverential kiss upon her forehead."

The actor looked up at her as she spoke. There was no anger in her eyes, although he realized now how often he must have offended her.

"I have annoyed you very much, I see."

"Yes."

"Often made additional love to you just to torment you, but I did not understand you, indeed I did not, Miss Villiars," he said earnestly.

"Do you think you do now?" she asked slowly.

"Can you forgive me?"

She smiled, turned, and going to her writing desk, wrote on her card:

"Mr. Stiles and I understand each other fully, and I am sure we will work together much better this season. Please give him his books, for I want to begin going over our scenes together."

When he took the card from her hand, he knew it meant that she consented to act with him, and with a catch of his voice, he said abruptly:

"Don't mind acting with me, Miss Villiars, for I have a daughter older than you."

CHAPTER XVI.

LOVE'S MOST PERFECT PROOF.

"Listen to this, dear," Jack Loftus cried to his wife as they seated themselves in their little library. All during dinner she had noticed that he was uneasy, had scarcely tasted his food, but knowing his temperament, just waited.

"What is it?" she asked eagerly, daintily perching on his knee, while he took out a bunch of letters, and selecting one opened it and began:

"Dear Old Man:

"Are you through? If not, I'll take it up, for I'm coming home; I cannot stay away. Sometimes my heart breaks when I think of her, and I wonder where she can be. How can she hide from me when she knows that I love her so dearly?"

"Well, I should say he did," Mrs. Loftus broke in. "Would you squander your fortune like that, Jackie, for me?"

The young man looked at the sweet, roguish little face; remembered how dear she had always been, never complaining, never forgetting his whims, and drawing her a little nearer, he whispered:

"Perhaps not to you when you were my sweetheart, but now, yes, a thousand times."

"How wonderfully sweet you men can be," Mrs. Loftus cried, giving him a little hug, and then with a sigh, she murmured.

"Go on," and he resumed the letter:

"Never mind, we will find her. If it were not for my worrying about her I would be in good health, and by the way, remember that land he, Graham, swindled so many poor people out of? It's the real thing, I find, and is going to coin money, so when I find Katherine, she will have a snug little fortune all her own, bless her. I do hope that Mrs. Jack has discovered something; have you, dear little lady?"

"I don't know, I hope not," came a low answer.

"This is all, Jack, lad, but within a week more you see me with you again. Thank your dear wife for me, and yourself.

"Yours,

"STANFORD."

"First, as to the claims?"

"All settled. There is not a person in all the world, except Wisdom Stanford, who has lost a cent through George Graham."

"Then you are ready to insert the article?"

"Yes."

"First, Jackie," and Mrs. Loftus hid her face on her husband's shoulder, "I have learned a little something. Mrs. Turner, yes, Mrs. Thad Turner, who has a pretty good fortune of her own, is deeply interested in the rescue work, and at our club today she told about a girl whom she had placed in a peculiar home way up in the Michigan woods. She claims that the open air life they live there in the pine-scented air, is a fine moral tonic."

"Yes, but what does that have to do with our matter?" Jack asked nervously.

"Why, Jack, dearest, she was entered under the name of Katherine."

"Oh, dear, but that is terrible!" Jack cried.

"But listen, the description does not entirely fit, and tomorrow we are to go with Mrs. Turner up there and be allowed, unknown to her, a look at the girl. I had to do a lot of coaxing to get Mrs. Turner to consent, and promise her a simply extravagant check for the place."

Jack looked down at his wife, so pure, sweet and tender, and thought of his friend, then he said soberly

"I tell you, pet, that if this poor girl is not our Katherine, I will double the amount, no matter what you have promised," and then they began preparing the announcement.

The next day, being tired from the matinee, Katherine rested in her dressing room, looked over her letters, and then took up the papers. Her maid heard a slight sound, and then a heavy fall, and turning saw the beautiful leading lady lying upon the floor.

In the hurry and confusion, the paper at which she had been looking was lost, but the words were burned on her brain.

NOT ALTOGETHER FRIENDLESS

Possibly Neither a Scoundrel Nor a Thief
—George Graham's Name Cleared, His
Debts Paid Off at Par—Wall
Street Thunderstruck.

Katherine did not need to read the article that followed to understand. The man who loved her so truly had cleared her father's name, and when she recovered she declared her ability to go on the stage for the evening performance, for a sense of happiness was coming to her. For the first time she was beginning to realize the wealth of that love and to remember that he said:

"I want you, not because you have money, but because you are Katherine Graham. Just remember this, won't you."

Further chapters of this interesting story of a young girl's struggles—her failures and triumphs will be given the reader in next week's Ledger. It is a charming story and will richly repay perusal to the end. To all those who subscribe for the Ledger we are offering very valuable premiums. Please note on pages thirteen and fifteen that we give any six spring patterns that you may select from our list of patterns, free with each subscription, or, with a single subscription we give our splendid and valuable pictures of our Presidents and Ladies of the White House without cost.

Before and After.

"Certainly, old man," said the candidate, as he slapped the voter on the back, "you see that the boys send me to Washington and then come down and look for an office."

So in due time the candidate reached Congress and the voter arrived with his card.

"I have come down to look for an office," announced the voter.

"Oh, you are looking for an office," exclaimed the Congressman, as he glanced up from a mountain of documents. "Well, my dear man, what kind of an office are you looking for? The postoffice, the patent office, the weather office, the——"

"No, I——"

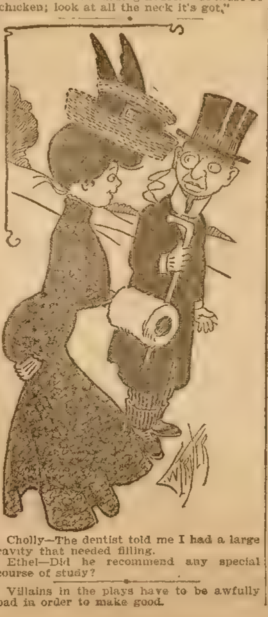
"Oh, well, sir, if it is none of those offices I really haven't the time to direct you. In fact, sir, I would have you understand that I am no guide to Washington, anyway. Go out and ask a policeman."

And then the busy Congressman closed the door and proceeded to forget the voter until election day.

Always His Portion.

"Oo-oo!" cried the first little boy at the Zoo, pointing to a swan, "ain't that a funny bird? What is it?"

"Oh, I know, replied the other little boy, who lived in a boarding house. "It must be chicken; look at all the neck it's got."



Cholly—The dentist told me I had a large cavity that needed filling.

Ethel—Did he recommend any special course of study?

Villains in the plays have to be awfully bad in order to make good.

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The first impression of the Van Camp Kitchen is of Cleanliness and Purity. The floors, the wares, the furnishings and the utensils are immaculate—the air is always kept fresh and pure—everything is neat and clean and healthful.

In such ideal surroundings Van Camp's are made, and on a par therewith are the methods of making. Each article is handled in such a way as to preserve all its natural purity, while the use of modern methods of sterilization makes Van Camp's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce far better, cleaner and more healthful than the best beans, tomatoes and pork you can buy at the market.

The entire process is a perfect combination of neatness and "know-how."

For instance, the snowy beans—best quality of the best varieties—are carefully picked over by hand, and washed three times in running water. Then they are cooked just enough—no bursted skins—no mushiness—but plump, whole beans, as perfect in form as before they went into the kettle.

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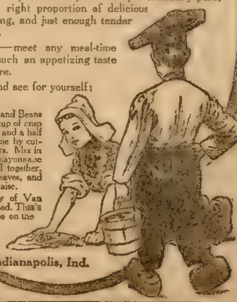
BEAN SALAD

To one cup of Van Camp's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce, add a half cup of crisp celery, cut into [illegible]-inch slices, and a half cup crisp lettuce, shredded fine by cutting across leaves with scissors. Mix in a bowl, adding enough mayonnaise dressing to hold all well together. Arrange on lettuce leaves, and garnish with mayonnaise.

Keep your supply of Van Camp's replenished. That's the way to be on the safe side.



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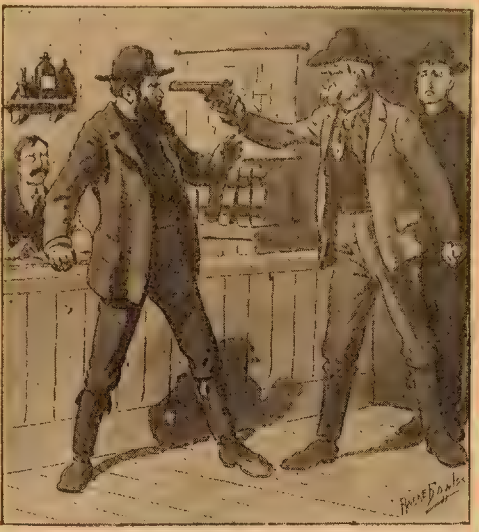
CHAPTER XVI.

DOLAN IS DEFEATED.

It was a surprise, and an unwelcome one for Roy Wells and Hank Rogers, to see Bill Dolan going up the steps to the register's office, but at the same time they felt that they were not defeated, by any means.

"We'll see ter et thet he don't register them claims!" cried Hank, breaking into a run, with Roy close at his heels. "We'll keep 'im frum doin' et ef we hev ter kill 'im—ther [illegible] skoundrel!"



"Ye blame scoun'rel, I've got ye now!"

On they dashed, and just before they reached the office, Hank said [illegible]

"I'll—'tend—ter Dolan—Roy—an' keep 'im—busy, an'—ye register—ther—claims. Unnerstan'?"

"Yes, Hank," replied Roy.

Into the office they dashed, to see Dolan standing in front of the register's desk, behind which sat the official, pen in hand, listening attentively to something that Dolan was saying.

The register looked up in surprise, and Dolan whirled in quick alarm when the two came rushing in. Dolan paled and looked frightened.

Hank Rogers jerked a revolver out of his belt and leveled it at Dolan, crying savagely:

"Ye blame skoun'rel! I've got ye now! Come out in ther street an' we'll fight et out! D'ye heer"

"Hold! No shooting in here!" cried the register sternly. "If you two have a grudge to settle, get out of doors"

"But I hain't got no——" began Dolan, only to be interrupted by Rogers.

"Ye hev, an' ye know et, Bill Dolan," the old prospector cried. "We air mortal enemies, an' ef ye don' git out in ther street in er hurry I'll open fire on ye right heer"

"Get out of this office, you two!" roared the register. "Get out or I'll have you both placed under arrest! Do you hear?"

"Out with ye, Bill Dolan!" cried Hank [illegible] "[illegible]—two—later——"

With a cry of rage and disappointment Dolan turned and strode out of the register's office, Rogers keeping behind him, revolver in hand.

"Tell me when ye air through, Roy," called out Hank, over his shoulder.

"All right, Hank," replied the youth. "But look out for Dolan!"

"Oh, I hain't erfraid uv ther skoun'rel, Roy. Don' ye worry erbout me, my boy, fur I'm able ter take keer uv myse'f, allers, ye bet!"

Roy then turned to the official and said:

"I have some claims that I wish to have registered, sir."

"Very well, my boy. Give me their numbers and descriptions, and tell me where they are located."

"Very well, sir," and Roy did so.

The official listened with surprise, and when the youth had finished he said

"Why, those are the very same claims that man, Dolan, was going to have me register in the name of himself and a partner by the name of James Whiteside!"

"Yes," nodded Roy. "But he and his partner are scoundrels and they jumped my claims after I had made the strike and staked them off. They changed the stakes and Dolan came here to register the claims, but they are mine and I ask you to register them."

"I can't register them in your name, for you are a minor"

"I wrote my mother's name on the stakes, sir, and you may enter them in her name."

"Ah, yes, that will be all right."

But before he would register the claims, the official demanded the story of the strike in detail, and Roy told it just as it had occurred, and all, even to the race from Richton to Fair Play.

"I know Hank Rogers," said the official. "He has been here a number of times to register claims, and I know he is honest as the day is long, that he is as square as any man can be, and as he is with you and is backing you up in this affair and helping you, I shall believe that you are the rightful owner of the claims and will register them in your mother's name as requested."

"Thank you, sir!" said Roy.

The official entered the claims in the regular manner and gave Roy the certificates of entry, after which he said

"Now you can tell Rogers that he can let Dolan go."

Roy stepped out upon the street, to find Rogers standing there, holding Dolan helpless at the point of his revolver.

"It's all right now, Hank," said the youth. "The claims are registered in my mother's name."

A snarl of rage escaped the lips of Dolan.

"I'll git even with ye two fellers, ye kin bet on thet!" he hissed. "Ye've robbed me, an' I won't furgit et!"

"Thet'll do, Dolan!" warned Rogers, his eyes glinting dangerously. "Thet don' soun' good, comin' frum ther lips uv er would-be claim-jumper an' thief! Jest let up on thet, ef ye're senserable, fur I mought take et inter my head ter git mad an' plug ye!"

An inarticulate growl was the only reply, and Dolan strode past Rogers and entered the register's office.

"Did ye enter them claims in thet kid's mother's name, ez he said?" asked Dolan frowningly.

"I did, Mr. Dolan."

"Whut did ye do et fur?"

"Because, after hearing his story, I was convinced that he was the rightful owner of the claims. He made the strike, staked off the claims, and then you and Whiteside changed the stakes, and were scheming to get what does not belong to you at all."

"Et's er lie!" snarled the discomfited man.

"Come, come! Be careful!" warned the register, who was a fearless man, and used to dealing with rough characters. "Don't give free rein to your tongue or you may regret it!"

"I didn' mean thet ye're er liar," explained Dolan; "but thet ther kid hez lied ter ye."

"I don't believe it. He looks honest and truthful, and I have known Hank Rogers for years and know he wouldn't lend himself to anything dishonest. I guess, Dolan, that you have tried to steal a rich strike from its rightful owner, and have failed, and that the best thing you can do is to accept the situation philosophically."

"Never! Not much I won't. I'm goin' ter fight fur them claims, ye bet yer life!"

"Well, you'll probably lose your life," said the register coolly; "I know Hank Rogers, and I know that when it comes to fighting he'll be able to hold up his end. My advice to you is that you quit right now and here. If you don't you'll regret it."

"I don' want enny uv yer advice,"

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growled Dolan. "An' I don' like ther way ye hev treated me, either, I kin tell ye—an' I won' furgit et in er hurry!"

"I would, if I were you," was the quiet reply. The register was not the man to be intimidated by threatening talk.

With an inarticulate growl, Dolan turned and strode out of the office.

He passed Roy and Hank without seeming to notice them at all, and made his way to a saloon and entered.

"Seems ter kinder be flustered an' put out er leetle bit," said Rogers with a grin.

"Yes, so he does," said Roy with a smile.

"Ye got ther claims registered all right, eh?"

"Yes, thanks to your help."

"Oh, thet's all right; I'm yer pard now, ye know, an' I wuz workin' fur myse'f, too, ez well ez fur ye."

"I thank you just them same; but for you, Dolan would surely have beat me here and got the claims registered in his name and that of his partner, Whiteside."

"Thet's all right. Come inter ther office a few minnets; I wanter hev a leetle chat with ther register; he's an ol' frien' uv mine. Then we'll go an' hev sumtin' ter eat."

They entered and Roy took a seat, while Hank shook hands with the official and explained matters to him fully, corroborating all that Roy had said.

"Thet Dolan an' his pard, Whiteside, air pizen snakes," Hank declared, "an' they thort thet becos Roy is er kid they c'u'd rob 'im; but they won' do et—not while Ole Hank is on top uv ther groun', ye bet!"

"I thought that boy was telling a straight story," said the official, "so I entered the claims as he requested."

"An' ye done right. Wal, we'll go out an' find sumthin' ter chaw on now, Roy. I'm beginnin' ter feel kinder hungry."

"Better keep your eyes open, Hank," said the register, as they were leaving; "Dolan may fill up on bug juice and try to fill you up with lead."

"I'll look out fur 'im. He won' ketch Ole Hank nappin'."

Then they made their way to a restaurant and were soon busily engaged in eating "a squar' meal," as Hank termed it.

CHAPTER XVII.

BACK IN RICHTON.

When they had finished eating their dinner Hank said:

"We'll rest an hour an' then we'll lay in er supply uv grub an' hike back towards Richton, Roy."

"All right, Hank."

"How ye feelin'?—purty tired?"

"Oh, not so very."

"I guess ye're feelin' in purty good speerits, hain't ye?"

"Yes, Hank. I'm glad that we got here in time so that we were enabled to enter the claims in my mother's name."

"So'm I. Ef Dolan hed beat us, then we'd hev hed er lot uv trubble gittin' ther claims erway frum 'em."

"We will have trouble enough, even as it is, likely."

"Wal, I dunno. I don't think Dolan an' Whiteside'll try ter do ennythin' more."

"I hope that they won't."

"I hope so, too—fur theer sakes," with a grin.

Roy shok his head dubiously.

"They might get up a gang and get the better of us, Hank," he said.

"Don' ye believe et, son! Ef they wuz ter try thet game, Mr. Gates an' ev'ry miner in his employ would come an' he'p us fight ther skoun'rels."

"He couldn't afford to stop his work to do that, Hank."

"He'd do et, though, whether he c'u'd afford et er not. Thet's Mr. Gates, ev'ry time!"

"Well, that makes me feel better."

"Oh, don' ye worry, Roy. Ye're all right, now thet ye've got ther claims registered in yer mother's name. Nobuddy is goin' ter git 'em erway frum ye, ye bet!"

Half an hour later they bought enough provisions to last them on their trip back to Richton, and set out up the trail.

"We'll aim ter git ter ther cabin whar we stayed las' night, this evenin'," said Hank, "an' we'll stay all night thar an' make et in ter Richton by termorrer evenin'."

They walked briskly up the trail and kept steadily onward for a couple of hours, when they stopped to rest a few minutes.

When they had regained their breath they set out again, and walked onward and upward another two hours, after which they stopped and rested a while.

"We'll make et ter ther cabin by sundown," said Hank, as they were starting again.

"That will be all right," said Roy.

"Yas; I don' min' sleepin' out purtickerly, but I'd allers ruther sleep with er roof over my head, ef so be's I kin."

"Yes, indeed," agreed Roy. He had not yet become accustomed to sleeping out in the open air.

On they strode, and an hour later they reached the little cabin. It was just about sundown.

"We'll hev er fire in ther fireplace an' make some coffee," said Hank. "Ye see, I've got er leetle coffee pot heer." And he held up a quart coffee pot that he had bought in Fair Play.

"I shall enjoy a cup of good coffee," said Roy. "There is nothing that will do one more good than coffee, when one is tired and almost worn out."

"Right ye air, son! I tell ye, coffee beats whisky all holler—though mos' uv ther prospecktors thet I hev knowed in my time hev preferred whisky. An' they're mostly all dead," he added with a whimsical smile.

"While you are still hale and hearty," said Roy.

"I shore am, son," nodding. "I'm good fur ten yeers yit uv trampin' over ther mountains."

Hank built a fire in the fireplace and soon had the coffee pot filled on the coals.

Then they sat down to wait for the coffee to boil.

Presently Hank sniffed once or twice and said:

"Smell thet, Roy? Hain't et dee-licious, eh? Say, et beats ambroshy all holler!"

Roy laughed and agreed that it did.

When the coffee had boiled sufficiently, it was poured out into two tin cups that they had bought at the same time that the coffee pot was purchased, and then they opened up their package of food and ate their supper, washing the food down with coffee.

"I feel like er new man now!" said Hank, when they had finished. "I c'u'd walk frum heer ter Richton yit ternight, ef et wuz necessary, but et hain't, so we'll lay down an' git er good night's res'."

"Yes, there is no need of hurrying now, Hank."

"No; we've got ever'thin' our way now, an' can afford ter take et easy."

"So we can."

They talked a while and then lay down in the bunks and were soon asleep.

They slept the night through, undisturbed, and were up with the sun next morning.

They ate a hearty breakfast, washed down with coffee, and then set out up the mountain with vigorous steps.

Onward and upward steadily, till noon, when they paused and ate dinner, drinking out of a mountain brook that went leaping downward. The water was clear and cold and equal to spring water.

A rest of half an hour, and then on again, and by half-past two they were at the summit of the Park Range.

"We'll be in Richton in two hours," said Hank.

"Yes, I think so," agreed Roy.

On they trudged, the trail descending now, and this made it some easier.

At half-past four they reached Richton and found Mr. Gates at his cabin.

He was suprised to see Hank Rogers, but was glad as well, and when they had taken seats he asked Roy:

"Did you get the claims registered in your mother's name?"

"Yes, Mr. Gates," was the reply, "but I guess that I would have failed had it not been for Hank, here."

"Ah, indeed? How was that?"

"I was held up on the trail by Bill Dolan, sir, and he knocked me senseless with the butt of his revolver and got a big start on me in the race to Fair Play. But I ran across Hank and he guided me by a nearer cut, and we succeeded in beating Dolan, after all."

"I feared something had happened to you when I came home and found the horse here."

"He came straight back home, then?"

"Yes, I suppose so. At any rate, he was here when Mark and I got back from restaking your claims."

"Did you have any trouble doing that?" asked Roy eagerly.

Mr. Gates smiled.

"Not a great deal," he said. "Jim Whiteside was there, but Mark and I were two to his one, and we easily persuaded him to take himself off and leave us to change the stakes undisturbed."

"Then everything is all right," said Roy, with an air of satisfaction; "the claims are staked off, and are entered in my mother's name, and so I guess there is no danger that any one can get them away from me now."

"No, I guess you need not worry, my boy."

Then Roy and Hank told the story of their trip to Fair Play and their trouble with Dolan, in detail, and Mrs. Gates listened with interest.

"You were lucky in reaching Fair Play in time to keep Dolan from registering the claims in his name and that of his partner," said Mr. Gates.

"Yas, thet would hev complercated things," said Hank.

"Indeed it would!"

"Whar's Mark Morgan?" queried Hank. He and Mark had prospected together many times, and were old friends.

"He went to Cripple Creek this morning," replied Mr. Gates.

"Will he be back here?"

"Yes. He said he would come back tomorrow."

"Good! I wanter see 'im. I hain't seen Mark in nearly a yeer."

"I wonder if I could get him to go in with us, Hank?" said Roy.

Hank nodded.

"He'd be glad ter," he said. "Espeshully when he fin's thet I'm inter et."

"I'll make him the same offer that I made you, Hank!" eagerly.

"Er one-twentieth int'rust, Roy? He'll jump at ther chance!"

"I should judge that he will," agreed Mr. Gates.

"And I'm going to give you a one-twentieth interest, Mr. Gates," said Roy.

Mr. Gates shook his head.

"I haven't done anything to earn it," he objected.

"Oh, yes, you have! Didn't you go up with Mark Morgan and restake my claims?"

"Yes, but——"

"And then maybe I may need help in the future, and if you have an interest in the mine, I won't feel that I am imposing on you, if you help me."

"Very well; with that understanding, I will accept of a one-twentieth interest."

"Thank you," said Roy; "I feel that you men will be doing me a favor, for you understand all about mines and mining, and the organizing of companies, and I don't."

"We'll he'p ye put things through all O. K., Roy!" declared Hank.

"Yes, indeed," smiled Mr. Gates. "And I will say that I shall expect to make more out of my one-twentieth interest in the mica mine than out of this gold mine that I am operating here."

"Oh, thar's big money in mica!" nodded Hank.

CHAPTER XVIII.

After supper Hank said that he would

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walk down to Cripple Creek and spend the night there.

"I'll hunt Mark up an' tell 'im thet we want 'im ter go in with us," he said.

"All right," said Roy, "and I believe I'll go along with you, Hank."

"Glad ter hev ye, Roy."

"You'll spend the night at my house, of course, Roy?" said Mr. Gates.

"Yes, sir, I guess so," said Roy. "I want to send a letter to mother, telling her about my wonderful 'strike,' and I want to tell May about it. She will be glad to know that I have struck it rich."

"I'm sure she will," said Mr. Gates, a sly twinkle in his eyes.

"Who's May?" asked Hank.

"Roy will tell you all about her, as you walk down the trail," said Mr. Gates, giving the old prospector a sly wink.

"Oh, all right," said Hank with a grin. "I guess that May is er pink-cheeked, blue-eyed gal erbout sweet sixteen er tharabouts, hey?" poking Roy in the ribs with his thumb, and chuckling.

Roy blushed, but laughed and said good-naturedly:

"I guess she's sixteen, Hank; but her eyes are violet, not blue."

"Violet, hey?" still chuckling. "Wal, thet does settle et! When er youngster sez thet er gal hez violet eyes I know et's all up with 'im—hain't thet right, Mr. Gates?"

"Well, it looks suspicious, to say the least," with a smile. "But May really has violet eyes, Hank."

"Oh, she hez, eh?"

"Yes, and she's one of the finest girls that I ever saw."

Hank's face grew sober, and he nodded:

"I know she is, ef Roy likes 'er," he said.

"You will go to my house and stay all night, won't you, Hank?" said Mr. Gates.

The old prospector shook his head.

"No," he said, "I'm too rough an' ready fur thet, Mr. Gates, thankin' ye, jest ther same. Mark an' me'll take in ther town erwhile an' then we'll bunk tergether at one uv ther hotels."

"Very well, just as you like, but you would be perfectly welcome at my home, Hank."

"I know thet; but I'll feel more comforterable-like in er hotel, erlong with my old pard, Mark."

Mr. Gates gave Roy a message to deliver to Mrs. Gates, and then the two set out down the trail. It was pretty dark, but the trail was wide and plain and they had no difficulty in following it.

They reached Cripple Creek about half-past nine o'clock and parted at the end of the main street, Hank to go in search of his old partner, Mark Morgan, while Roy headed for the home of the Gates family.

He was soon there, and was given a welcome that was enough to satisfy him that he was well liked.

"What have you been doing, Roy?" asked May eagerly, after they had become seated when the greetings were over.

"Oh, lots of things, May; I have been hunting, prospecting, and——"

"Have you made a strike, yet?"

Roy smiled.

"Yes," he said; "I have made a strike."

"Gold?" queried Harriet Gates eagerly.

"No, mica."

"Mica!" exclaimed May; "what is mica?"

"It's a sort of mineral," said Roy; "it's pretty scarce."

"Is it valuable?" queried Mrs. Gates.

"Yes," smiled Roy, "it is worth four thousand dollars a ton."

"What!" exclaimed the two girls in unison.

"Four thousand dollars a ton!" cried Mrs. Gates.

"Yes," nodded Roy.

"And—is there much of it in your 'strike,' Roy?" asked May.

"Thousands of tons, May."

The three stared at the youth in wonder, their eyes growing bigger and bigger, as the thought of what this meant grew upon them.

"Then your strike must be worth a lot of money!" exclaimed Harriet.

"Yes," nodded Roy, "it's a million-dollar strike, at the very least."

"Oh, Roy!" gasped May; "you're the luckiest boy in the world!"

The youth nodded and smiled.

"I guess I am, May," he agreed.

Then they plied him with excited questions, and he answered as best he could. When they learned of the attempt that had been made to rob him of his claims, they expressed their indignation in no uncertain terms.

"I'm glad that father helped you, Roy," said Harriet.

"So am I," agreed Roy. "But for him and the two old prospectors, Hank Rogers and Mark Morgan, I have no doubt but what the two scoundrels would have succeeded in getting my claims away from me."

"Well, you are safe now, Roy," said Mrs. Gates.

"Yes, I feel so, knowing that Mr. Gates and Hank and Mark are interested in the mine with me, and will help hold it and protect it; but if I had only myself to depend on, I should be worried, I can tell you."

"I am glad that father has gone in with you," said Harriet.

"I'm glad that you will have help, Roy," said May. "You would have hard work fighting those scoundrels all alone."

"I wouldn't make much of an out at it, I'm afraid," smiled Roy.

"You would do as well as any one in your place could do," said May, "but you are not well versed in mining affairs, and those rascals would have gotten the better of you, likely."

"Yes, but now they won't."

They sat up till nearly midnight, talking, and then went to bed and slept soundly till morning.

They were up early, and after breakfast was over Roy went out to look for Hank and Mark.

He found them in one of the saloons; they were drinking some, but both were level-headed, and neither was showing the effects of their libations.

"We don' git drunk, Roy," said Hank. "An' we never kerry enny licker with us; et's on'y when we air in camp thet we drink ertall, an' then not much. Wal, air ye ready ter hike back ter Richton?"

"As soon as I have said good-by to Mr. Gates' folks and to May Mullen. You will come around past the house, won't you?"

Mark demurred, saying he and Hank would walk on slowly and Roy could catch up, but Hank said that he wanted to see "ther gal with ther violet eyes," and so he and Mark went along with Roy to the Gates home, where the two greeted Mrs. Gates and Harriet, with whom they were already acquainted, they having visited the Gates home on other occasions, to see Mr. Gates about buying strikes, and were introduced to May.

When they had said good-by and had made their way out of the town and were walking along the trail leading toward Richton, Hank suddenly slapped Roy on the back and said heartily:

"She's twenty-four karats fine, my boy, an' no mistake!"

"Who?" queried Roy, pretending that he did not know who was meant.

"W'y, ther gal with ther violet eyes. Hain't thet so, Mark?"

"Et shore is!" was the decided reply.

"Thank you," smiled Roy. "I think so, too."

"I'll bet ye do!" grinned Hank. "An' 'nless I'm mightily fooled, she thinks ther same erbout ye thet ye do erbout her—hey, Mark?"

"Thet's ther way I size et up, Hank," agreed Mark.

"Say, ye're er lucky youngster," said Hank. "Ye've made er million-dollar strike an' ye've got a leetle violet-eyed gal whut thinks ye air some punkins. Yas, ye shore air lucky!"

"Ye bet ye air, son!" from Mark.

"Yes," nodded Roy, "I'm the luckiest boy in the world."

This capital story of boyhood luck and adventure will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. It will be to your pleasure and profit to follow its characters to the dramatic and remarkable close. Would you like our fine President Portraits without cost, or six of our fine spring patterns entirely free? Then subscribe for the Ledger and they will be sent to you. Read our premium announcement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Fooled Again.

The angular chap in the frayed silk hat and blue earmuffs dashed into the toughest saloon in the district and announced in a stentorian voice:

"Say, you shrimps think you are a whole sideshow. Well, I can just clean up the bunch."

There was a squirming maelstrom of projecting chins and hamlike fists, but the stranger was unabashed:

"Come outside," he shouted. "I haven't much use for barrooms, anyway."

Of course this intensified the desire to make mincemeat of the challenger and a score of determined characters rushed through the swinging doors.

And was there a fight? Not a bit of it.

The angular chap smilingly removed his frayed silk hat and began to distribute boxes of a cleaning compound labeled:

"This Will Clean Up a Crowd in Ten Minutes."

Social Nuisances.

Brownson—Pleasant time at the party last night?

Smithson—No; inexpressibly dreary. There was a young man there who tried to be funny.

Dupes of Destiny.

(Continued from page five.)

thousand deals, fours once in four thousand one hundred and sixty-four deals, and a full hand once in six hundred and ninety-three deals, and so on down to one pair which the bacilli in the cards will dole out ten times in thirteen. I have often marveled——"

"Mr. Nickerson!" the professor interrupted me sharply. "There would be no draw poker if it were not for the lupizinns, no dealing in stock, no horse-racing for money. The virus of dishonesty runs through every form of gambling, and is as infectious as the black plague.

"The inhabitants of Zurma, as they call this Inner World with which you are as yet unacquainted, have lived in the midst of the lupozinns so long that they know no other condition of life. The thing a Zurman plans to do is the thing, generally speaking, that is not accomplished. They are taught to expect disappointment and take it as a matter of course."

"Those golden balls," I hazarded, "are filled with bacilli, are they not?"

"Exactly!" he returned, delighted at my penetration. "Those yellow spheres are densely packed with lupozinns, and when the sphere breaks, the minute demons of mischance are released in one certain spot, and there concentrate their energies."

The professor's last words left me in a brown study. Luck, if I was to take his word for it, was merely a conspiracy among the lupozinns to give me, at the expense of three other players and once out of sixty-five thousand hands, a straight flush.

Now, had a horseshoe or a rabbit's foot any power to attract the lucky lupozinns or to force them to subvert a natural law in a profitable manner?

I dared not put a question of this tenor. Poker, according to Professor Markham, was a device of the lupozinns to help on the general wreck of humanity. I felt that he would not have patience with a request for information on that subject.

There were many questions of a different purport at my tongue's end, but before I could ask any of them the curtain at the door was swept aside and a melancholy figure stood blinking in the light.

The remains of what had once been a suit of clothes clung to the figure. About the throat was the brim of an Alpine hat, the bedraggled feather coquetting with one of the figure's eyes. Mechanically the newcomer pushed the feather aside in order that his gaze not be interfered with.

"Am I—am I in my right mind?" the man whimpered.

"Eames!" I shouted.

"Poor fellow!" murmured the professor sympathetically; "he has been lupozinned."

"It is, it is!" cried Eames. "This is my first bit of luck since we landed in these infernal regions. Nickerson, I thought you had quit at the quarter-post."

We rushed into each other's arms.

"Where's Hapgood?" I demanded.

"Hapgood and I were both pinched by a detachment of the yellow-gowns. You see, we were hungry, and we laid for one of the white birds, and killed it. It was a sacred bird, as near as I could make out, and we were to be thrown into a vat of radium. I got away, however by knocking down two of our captors, and sprinted off into the darkness. The only place I could see a light was up here, so I made for it. Poor Hapgood! It must be all over with him by this time."

"Professor," said I, turning upon the little man in suppressed excitement, "do you hear what Mr. Eames tells me? Hapgood is our friend. Can nothing be done to save him?"

"Set your mind at rest, Mr. Nickerson," returned the professor. "If the Zurmans are planning to put your friend out of the way, the chances are nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand that they do not succeed. Pray, bring Mr. Eames to the table. While he is satisfying his hunger, we will examine further into the affairs of Mr. Hapgood."

This is one of the most mysterious and extraordinary stories ever written. It will be continued in the Ledger of next week, leading the reader through some very strange and perilous adventures. It will richly pay you to find out what happens in this dramatic narrative, so we advise you to read it to the close. Subscriptions are coming in rapidly for the Ledger. Send in your subscription, if you are not already a subscriber, and get the Ledger for a year and six of our fine patterns entirely free, or our grand photogravures entitled Our Presidents and Ladies of the White House.

Real Philosopher.

"Old Jason Crabtree is a great philosopher," drawled the chronic loafer on the empty herring keg.

"In what way?" asked the drummer.

"Wal, when the flood came and reached up to the second-story windows he said it was a good thing, because the windows needed washing anyway."

"Pretty good."

"Then when the earthquake shook the foundations of the house he said the shock was a great benefit because it showed the weak spots that needed repairing."

"Very philosophical, indeed. But what did he say when the cyclone took the roof off his house?"

"Oh, he was tickled to death. He said he had always been an advocate of sleeping in the open air and now he had the opportunity of testing its health-giving qualities."

Similarity.

"Fine looking airship you have invented, old man. What do you call it?"

"Congress."

"Hm! Any particular reason?"

"Yes, it is full of hot air."

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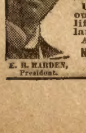

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"Do you mind taking new bills?" inquired the paying teller.

"Do I mind new bills? Certainly not. In fact I prefer them."

"Everybody doesn't care for new greenbacks," said the bank cashier. Then he added: "It is a common idea that bank tellers do not care to give up crisp paper money. As a matter of fact, nine cashiers out of every ten try to get rid of new money as quickly as possible after receiving it. There is grave danger to the average paying teller in handling unused money.

"Now bank notes stick together. Frequently the ink is not thoroughly dry. During our rush period we handle a great deal of money. It is the easiest thing in the world to make mistakes with new bills when in a hurry to relieve a long line of waiting patrons. When possible we give out the new bills during hours when there is no rush. I'd rather pay out a million old bills than a hundred new ones."

"These bills are new enough, that's sure. But I seem to be a 20 short. I'll count them over to make sure. No, they are all here. Two were stuck together."

"That's just it," laughed the cashier. "One cannot be too careful in handling them. I count old bills over twice. I have to count a pile of new bills half a dozen times."

Cause for Discouragement.

"Just one kiss!" begs the enamored youth.

"No," whispers the coy young thing.

Whereat tne enamored youth grows huffy, and arises, saying that it is time for him to be going home.

"Why, it's early," remarks the coy young thing.

"I know. But when a fellow asks a girl sixteen times for a kiss, and she won't give it to him, it's pretty plain that she doesn't care much for him."

"Well, if you aren't the most impatient man I ever knew!"

"Impatient?"

"Wel, yes. Mr. Smith asked me twenty times for a kiss before he got it; and Mr. Jones asked me thirty-two times for one before he got it; and Mr. Brown asked me twenty-three times the first evening he called, and fifteen times the second, making thirty-eight times in all, before I——"

But the enamored youth was leaving without waiting to put on his overcoat.

Standing meditatively at the door after she has closed it behind him, the coy young thing tosses her fair head, and murmurs:

"If he isn't the most easily discouraged man I ever saw!"

Tickled.

"May I ask if you ever had an occupation?" asked the woman in the wayside cottage.

"Yes, mum," replied the tattered tramp, "I used to be a beauty doctor."

"Nonsense! If you had ever been a beauty doctor you would have offered to practice on me."

"On you? How could I, mum? How could I offer to practice on one who is already so beautiful?"

With a winning smile she handed him a saucer of prunes and told him he would find a smoking jacket and an easy chair on the front porch.

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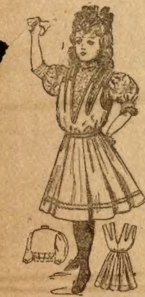
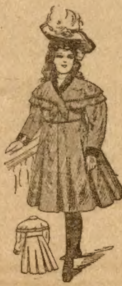
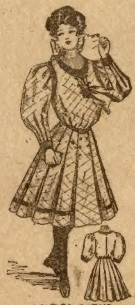

5603 GIRLS FROCK
WITH GUIMPE
6 TO 12 YEARS


5567 GIRLS
EMPIRE COAT
6 TO 12 YEARS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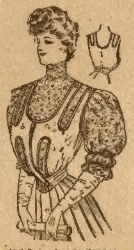
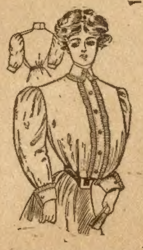
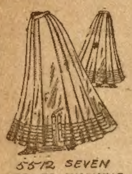
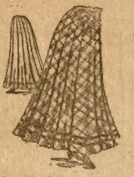
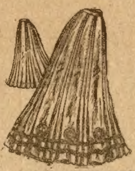
GUIMPE DRESS
8 TO 14 YEARS

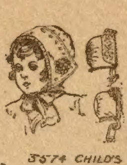

5576 SKELETON
BLOUSE WITH
GIRDLE 32 TO
40 BUST

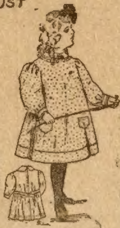

5607 PLAIN SHIRT
WAIST 34 TO 44
BUST.

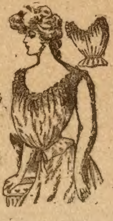

5512 SEVEN
GORED WALKING
SKIRT 22 TO
32 WAIST

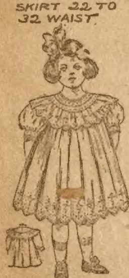

5592 MISSES
SIDE PLAITED
SKIRT 14 AND
16 YEARS

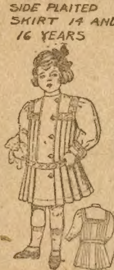

5587 NINE GORED
TUCKED SKIRT
22 TO 32 WAIST


5574 CHILD'S
ONE & TWO PIECE
CAPS WITH REVERS
6 MOS. 1 AND 2 YEARS


5606 CHILD'S
APRON 2.4
AND 6 YEARS


5498 CORSET
COVER 32 TO
42 BUST.


5596 CHILD'S
ROUND YOKE DRESS
1.2 AND 4 YEARS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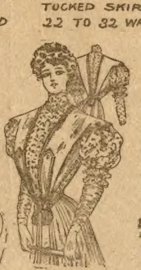
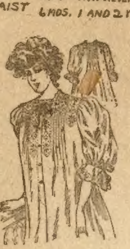
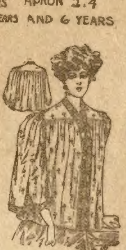
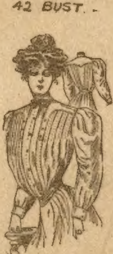
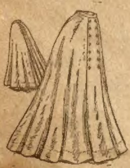
DRESS 2.4
AND 6 YEARS

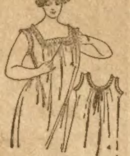

5566 FANCY
WAIST 32 TO
40 BUST

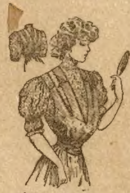

5594 NIGHT-GOWN
32 TO 40
BUST

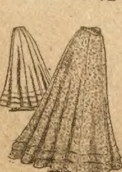

5588 KIMONO
DRESSING
SAQUE 32
TO 42 BUST

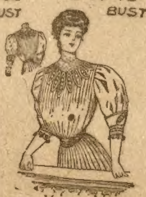

5577 BLOUSE
OR SHIRT WAIST
32 TO 42
BUST


5568 THREE-PIECE
SKIRT 22 TO 30
WAIST


5586 CHEMISE
WITH SQUARE OR
ROUND NECK 32
TO 42 BUST


5593 MISSES
JUMPER WAIST
WITH GUIMPE
14 AND 16 YEARS


5492 SEVEN
GORED WALKING
SKIRT 22 TO
32 WAIST


5565 BLOUSE WAIST
32 TO 40
BUST

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

Leslie's Medicine.

"Maybe you think it's fun to lie here sick with the measles and take old medicine, and have to eat toast and Force!" groaned Leslie.

"Won't they let you read or do anything?" asked Edgar.

"No, for I will be blind—that's what Aunt Rose says. She reads to me about boys who have clean hands and faces and always do just right. I never see any of that kind; do you Edgar?"

"No-o," answered Edgar; "they are not so thick round here that you step on their heels. What can you do?"

"Oh, just draw and paint pictures, and such girls' work! I'm sick of it! Wish I could have something to play with!"

"I've got to go the the village now," said Edgar, "but when I come tomorrow I'll bring you something alive."

Leslie wondered what it would be, and forgot how uncomfortable he was. Edgar, too, wondered, as he went to the store on his errand. He thought about it all the rest of the day.

A big warty toad lived in the garden and Edgar thought it great fun to watch the queer, blinking creature swallowing down the bugs and worms as if they were good, but he was not sure that it was just the thing for a present.

"He wouldn't want a kitten," thought Edgar. "Kittens are for girls. And as for a dog, that woudn't do, either. He couldn t stay on the bed. I'll tell papa; he'll know."

His father was always glad when Edgar came to him for help.

"But it would have been better, my boy, if you had found the pet first," said his father. "There is Leslie's mother. She might object to having an elephant in the house."

"You know I couldn't get an elephant," laughed Edgar; "but I've promised, so I've just got to find something, don't you see? Do you think a little turtle would do for him, father?"

"Mr. Brooks has some white rabbits," said his father. "You might see what bargain you could make with him, but first ask Leslie's mother about it."

Mrs. Cromack was willing he should have a rabbit, and Mr. Brooks told Edgar he could take one of the little white beauties for two or three hours a day, as they were not old enough to be taken away from their mother.

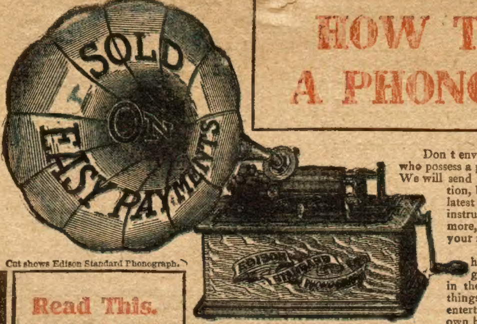
"Good!" cried Edgar; "I'll take that one with the pinkest ears. And I'll bring it back tonight. I know Leslie will be pleased with it."

Leslie was delighted. He grew so fond of the little creature that he could hardly wait for Edgar to bring it; and soon he was able to sit up and then to walk about his room.

"Little Bunny has done Leslie more good than my medicine," the doctor said, one day.

"It was lots nicer," said Leslie.

HOW TO GET A PHONOGRAPH



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Don t envy the fortunate ones of your friends who possess a phonograph. **You can have one too!** We will send you one. Not a toy, nor an imitation, but a genuine Edison, one of the latest perfected styles; a really magnificent instrument in every respect. Furthermore, **you need not send us a cent in advance;** your name and address will do.

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Send us your name and address and we will send you a phonograph—

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Thomas A. Edison

The Phonograph will have a large floral horn and is guaranteed to be a perfect instrument in every respect. We will also send a dozen genuine Edison Gold-Moulded Records. You may keep the Phonograph for two days and test it thoroughly. Then, when you realize what a treasure you have secured, you can keep it, and **own it** by sending us a trifling monthly sum for a few months. Surely, nothing could be easier,—or safer for you.

By reason of our connection with Mr. Edison as Authorized Distributers of the Edison Phonograph, we are able to sell a genuine Edison Gem Phonograph for $14.20, including a dozen records. No one could sell it for less even if you paid cash in advance, but we can arrange to let you pay as little as $2.00 per month if you like.

Remember this. No C. O. D.; no cash in advance. You can return the Phonograph at our expense if not exactly as represented. Send your name and have phonograph sent at once.

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Read This. Important!

Although this is a very unusual offer, the Editor knows the concern making it, and knows that they will send a Genuine Edison Phonograph, exactly as agreed. They are authorized distributors of the Edison Phonographs.

The Girl Won.

Last month, while a Detroit millionaire, who is in the lumber business, was up in the northern part of Michigan on business, he had to stay at the cabin of a settler over night. This settler, whose name is Whitefield, has a daughter 12 years old named Nancy.

He was bragging to the millionaire about how she could wield an ax, and the Detroiter selected two trees and an ax for himself and challenged her to a chopping contest. He thought he was pretty smart with an ax, but the girl had her tree down seven minutes ahead of him. When he left the house the next morning he presented her with a $50-bill, and said she was smarter than any boy he had ever come across.

If Nancy happens to get a lazy husband when she grows up she will probably chop all the wood and make him do all the dish-washing.

A Smart Lot of Boys.

If the boys of America wish to keep their reputation for smartness, they must get a hustle on them. Within the last year the boys of Japan, none of them over 15 years old, have turned out typewriters, telephones, pianos, door locks and some of the most ingenious mechanical toys ever placed on the market. Most Japanese boys have great natural skill with tools, and there is now a shop at Tokio run by a boy in which 50 other boys are constantly at work. A Chinese boy is almost too stupid to bait a fishhook, but a young Jap is as smart as a razor.

In almost every case he works at the bench all day and attends school in the evening to learn the English language.

A Horse Fire Alarm.

In October last an Ohio farmer who was in Zanesville to make purchases was asked to buy an old horse for $5. He felt pity for the beast and handed over the money and took the animal home and turned him out to take comfort the rest of his days. His neighbors laughed at him, but they laughed too soon.

In December, while the old horse was standing in a warm stable at night, he was heard whinnying and stamping, and when the farmer arose and went out it was to find that a tramp who was fast asleep in the barn had started a fire with his hot pipe. It was put out after considerable trouble, and the tramp was put out after it, and all gave the old nag the credit of saving a barn valued at $2,000.

Perhaps he didn't do it as a reward for the farmer's kindness, but for the $5 expended the barn was saved and the investment must be looked upon as a good one. It is seldom that a good action does not bring its reward.

Mr. McKinley's Flower.

Mr. McKinley was interested for many years in a girls' school in Ohio. When he was Congressman and Governor of Ohio political meetings often took him near the school, and he visited it when he could.

On one of his visits he was made an honorary member of the class of 1894. He was a loyal member, and wore the class flower, a red carnation.

The message of his nomination for President reached the class during a reunion. The girls rang the college bell and sent a telegram of congratulation and a box of carnations. Another box of the class flowers was sent on the day of Mr. McKinley's inauguration.

It may be that this association accounts for Mr. McKinley's fondness for the red carnation, which has come to be the "McKinley flower."

Tired of Liberty.

Five or six years ago a man named Joseph Darrel, who was in a county jail in Missouri for horse stealing, escaped by sawing away the bars at a window.

He was looked for in vain. In December, while a lad 13 years old, named Thomas Smith, from the same county, was in the woods searching for a stray horse, the escaped prisoner came up to him and said he was tired of wandering around and wanted to be taken back to jail.

The boy took him by the hand and led him two miles, and on reaching the jail he said to the sheriff:

"Here is my prisoner, and I want you to see that he don't get away again."

A reward of $25 was paid the boy, and he and the sheriff and the prisoner are quite satisfied.

His Specialty.

"My son," said the millionaire, "is a prolific inventor."

"Indeed!" rejoined the one man audience. "What has he invented?"

"About 3,000 reasons why I should give him money," replied the father.

See the little bumble bee,
A precious worker he.
But if you've any common sense,
You'll let that little bumble be.

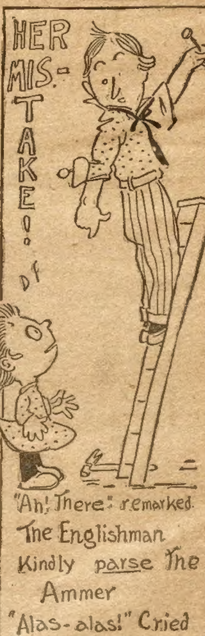
The Tailor Bird.

This queer bird gets its name from the way in which it builds its nest. Sometimes two leaves of a tree are used; Sometimes only one large leaf. If two leaves are used, they are generally at the extremity of a twig, and the edges are brought together and sewed, so as to make a sort of pouch, smaller at the bottom than at the top. If one leaf is used, it is folded over until the edges meet, and is then sewed. Within the pouch thus made the nest is constructed. The sewing is done by means of vegetable fibres, the birds making the holes with their beaks.

POLITENESS.

There was a young lion called Peter;
When he met a girl he would eat her.
Till a lady from Spain
Said, "Don't do it again,
For it isn't the right way to treat her."

Health may be wealth for some, but it is poverty for the doctor.


HER MIS-TAKE!
DF
"Ah! There:" remarked The Englishman
Kindly parse The Ammer
"Alas-alas!" Cried little Jane.
I never studied Grammer!"

GIVEN AWAY

STAFF OF LIFE

THIS KITCHEN CABINET

Will be a model of beauty and convenience in your home. It is strongly constructed, beautifully finished and complete in every detail. It is fitted with 2 large deep drawers and two lower bins for flour, etc., with a capacity to hold 60 lbs. each, also a large bread board and a hardwood board for cutting meats, etc. upon. The lower part together with the substantial legs and also top is constructed of selected white maple, varnished and finely finished. It has a fine paneled back with a complete set of **SEVEN** drawers for spices, etc. Every part is strongly made and firmly bolted and screwed. This fine Cabinet will prove a delight in any home and is positively the most valuable present ever offered. We will give it free with an order for only $10.00 worth of our General Groceries and Household Supplies. We also give away hundreds of other valuable and useful articles, such as parlor furniture, clothing, etc., with only small orders for our pure Groceries and Supplies, which you can use in your own home or sell to your friends. We pay the freight and deal more liberally than any other concern in the country. Send for our catalogue and price list to-day. We guarantee satisfaction. **CO-OPERATIVE SUPPLY, Dept. 97 345 So. Canal St., Chicago, Ill.**

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Width 46½ ins.
Depth 26 ins.